













56  
Finland ✓  
LEE CHAUVIN'S

## SELF-INSTRUCTOR

IN

# Reading and Speaking.

27  
79  
"You will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure to speak well, if you think right."

*Lord Chesterfield.*



SAN FRANCISCO:  
CUBERY & COMPANY, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,  
415 Market Street, below First.  
1884.

PM 4/14/5  
C 5

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
1884, by F. LEE CHAUVIN, in the Office of the Librarian  
of Congress, at Washington.



# INDEX.

---

	PAGE.
Author's Note.....	5
Introductory Essay.....	7
Breathing.....	13
Articulation.....	18
The Pure Tone.....	25
The Orotund Quality of Voice.....	27
To Remedy a Nasal Tone.....	28
The Tremor Quality of Voice.....	29
Force.....	30
Stress.....	32
Pitch—Modulation of Voice.....	34
Inflections.....	39
Emphasis.....	45
Pauses.....	47
Rate.....	50
The Guttural Quality of Voice.....	51
Personation— Expression.....	51
Gesture.....	52

## SELECTIONS.

Hamlet's Advice to the Players.....	<i>Shakspeare.</i>	55
The Pilot.....	<i>J. B. Gough.</i>	56
The Story of Richard Doubledick (abridged) .....	<i>Dickens.</i>	57
The Black Regiment .....	<i>G. H. Boker.</i>	65
The Tell-Tale Heart.....	<i>E. A. Poe.</i>	67
Drunkards not all Brutes.....	<i>J. B. Gough.</i>	73
The Young Gray Head.....	<i>Mrs. C. Southey.</i>	75
Bound to Have It .....	<i>Anon.</i>	79
Rest.....	<i>Father Ryan.</i>	81
The Benediction.....	<i>F. Coppee.</i>	82
You put no Flowers on my Papa's Grave.....	<i>C. E. L. Holmes.</i>	86
Patriotism.....	<i>T. F. Meagher.</i>	87
Examples for Ireland.....	<i>T. F. Meagher.</i>	89

	PAGE.
McLaine's Child .....	<i>Charles Mackay</i> , 91
The Portrait.....	<i>Owen Meredith</i> , 94
The Deacon's Story.....	<i>N. S. Emerson</i> , 97
Asleep at the Switch .....	<i>George Hoey</i> , 100
Phaidrick Crohoore.....	<i>Anon.</i> 104
Aux Italiens.....	<i>R. Bulwer Lytton</i> , 107
Money Musk.....	<i>Benj. F. Taylor</i> , 111
Tom's Little Star.....	<i>Fanny Foster</i> , 113
The Rosary of my Years.....	<i>Father Ryan</i> , 119
The Little Hatchet Story .....	<i>Burlington Hawkeye</i> , 120
How Tom Sawyer got his Fence Whitewashed .....	<i>Mark Twain</i> , 124
Keenan's Charge.....	<i>Lathrop</i> , 127
The Pride of Battery B.....	<i>F. H. Gassaway</i> , 130
A Rum Ruined Home.....	<i>J. B. Gough</i> , 132
A Visit to a Drunkard.....	<i>J. B. Gough</i> , 133
The Little Hero.....	<i>Anon.</i> 136
The Blacksmith's Story.....	<i>Frank Olive</i> , 140
Mr. Orator Puff.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i> , 144

# AUTHOR'S NOTE.

---

FIRST EDITION.

---

The author has labored in this little volume to present a practical, systematic work on the art of Reading and Speaking, in a simple, easily understood style, free from verbiage, and adapted to the wants of those who have not the facilities for instruction under a professional teacher, and who desire to pursue a course of study in the quiet of their homes. This book embraces the personal observations of an extensive practical experience of a teacher and professional reader. It has also been a study to incorporate within these pages the very best things from the best writers, and introduce a series of lessons in Elocution that, it is hoped, will be utilized with good results.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the works of Ernest Legouvè, Murdock and Russell, Potter, Vandenhoff, Griffith, Wilson, Monroe, Watson, and Dr. Rush, for valuable aid in the preparation of this volume.

It is the aim of this work to impress students of elocution that rules of art in Reading and Speaking are rules of nature—nature properly expressed—and that, without an appreciation of the spirit of the rule, the effort will be

dull and meaningless. The practical part of this volume contains selections that have been tested before audiences of varied description, and are prose and poetry readings of a character to reach the popular heart. It is earnestly hoped that those who read these pages will find in them a guide and teacher that will give every desired aid and encouragement in the acquisition of an attractive and delightful art.

FRANK LEE CHAUVIN.

# INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

---

FRANK LEE CHAUVIN.

---

In our democratic land, where street corners are often improvised rostrums, the study of oratory is not pursued with the scholarly finish and detail of those who lived in the old republics. In our hurry for results we sometimes disregard rhetorical polish, and hope to win our vocal battles by "natural gifts."

"I speak in my natural way when the inspiration comes," said a professional man. Had he only known the many crudities of his "natural way," and given his declamation proper culture, his auditors would have seen less of him, and more of his inspiration.

A reader or speaker may possess native talent, but native talent without cultivation is very crude material. Excellence in art is not alone a gratuity from the "Divine Artist" — it is the result of work, patient, arduous work.

There are many people who feel that they have no dramatic talent, and do not aspire to elocutionary or oratorical excellence, but they will certainly admit that they *can and should learn to read intelligently*.

Elocution is not alone the privilege of the actor or

professional man; it is an accomplishment that belongs to the counting-room as well as the rostrum, for it is business to be a good talker, and to know how to entertain is a social triumph that lends a grace and charm to every-day life. "He has too much elocution," said a critical observer, commenting on the effort of a well known divine. "Too much elocution" comes from false training, and is very often the result of imitation. It may be called a wealth of sound and poverty of thought. "Read as you talk, but talk well." "He who can speak well is a man," says a German writer; but he who speaks with a silly affectation and libels nature with an artificial delivery—what is he? It is better to have no art than not enough to conceal it.

Rules of art in reading and speaking are based on effective, natural talking, that goes from mind to mind—nature idealized, not falsified—and those who wish to reproduce a mental picture must make their words the result of feeling, of conviction, for any attempt at effect or pretentious vocal display may reach the ears, but not the hearts of the people.

A well cultivated voice is an all-important requisite in the orator's art, but it must be under the control of thought—the mind directs, the voice acts.

Oratory is the vocal canvas of the mind, portraying with varied coloring our many thoughts and feelings. Art does not deal with the word alone—it seeks the spirit of the word. To speak well, we must think well. Our vocal organs should receive thorough culti-

vation, for inspiration will have a hard struggle with a poor vocal instrument.

Under the guidance of a proper system the voice will gain purity, strength and flexibility, and reflect with natural expression and pleasant variation of pitch and quality our mental feelings, without *losing its character* or becoming simply a vocal machine.

“Our higher notes,” says Legouvé “represent the cavalry on the oratorical battle field, and should be reserved for sudden, bold attacks and triumphant charges; the lower notes, like artillery, are used for strength, effort, and the putting forth of unusual power; but the true dependence of the army is the infantry. The middle voice is our infantry. The upper and lower notes should be employed only when certain effects are to be produced. To the middle voice accord the supremacy, first, last, and always.”

It is the skillful management of these various degrees of pitch—the proper effect at the proper time—that gives reserve force, and indicates the man of power. “Mlle Mars,” says a French writer, “went through her part, requiring great action and energy, in an under tone, almost without a motion; every effect, every shade of meaning, was expressed and plainly visible. It was like a picture seen from a distance, or a strain of music heard from afar. It was a new revelation.” It is hoped that this new revelation will be appreciated by those who distribute force with such reckless liberality, and do not know that the effect of a word is not alone dependent on

loudness of utterance. The word draws its inspiration from the heart, and is felt and understood in a look.

An actor in a Parisian theatre, feeling somewhat ill, requested the manager to beg the indulgence of the audience, and he would endeavor to play his role in a subdued tone. The manager complied, and the subdued tone made a marked impression. The actor had unconsciously excelled all his previous efforts; he had made a new discovery in his art, that taught him to obey the injunction of the dramatist :

“In the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say), whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.”

It may not be unkind to say that if more actors were taken sick with such good results, the drama would be in a healthier condition.

The oratorical school offers many advantages for vocal and mental culture, but few have been taught to any purpose, who have not been in most part their own teachers; for art is not bounded by pedantic barriers, nor is thought a stereotyped article. Reading and speaking must reflect individuality, for imitation is the counterfeit metal of elocution, and carries with it only vocal force.

“It is one thing,” says an English writer, “to resemble a great artist and another to imitate him.” If we put the artist’s thoughts and feelings in our own hearts they are ours, but if we put them in’ our mouths alone they are counterfeit. We can build up an originality by



study, experience and perseverance, and reach a standard of excellence without walking behind a favorite model. Booth's Hamlet is not Sullivan's, nor is Sullivan's Richelieu Barrett's. They are distinct creations, and the result of individual thought. "To endeavor to impart to Cato," says Lecky, the distinctive charm of Saint Francis Assissi, or to Saint Francis that of Cato, would be as absurd as to endeavor to unite in a single statue the beauties of the Apollo and the Laocoon, or, in a single landscape, the beauties of the twilight and the meridian sun." To be in sympathy with art we must be in sympathy with nature, "love the beautiful, and with color, form and music touched to tears." We must cultivate not only the graces of rhetoric, but those qualities that give us true sentiment, for "eloquence is the best speech of the best soul."

## TO THE READER OR PUPIL.

---

The use of such words as *sentential melody*, *discrete* and *concrete*, *oral-linguals*, *labia-dentals*, *diatonic*, *semi-tonic*, and certain physiological terms, commonly found in elocutionary works, has been purposely omitted in this volume, and their simple meaning substituted when necessary. It will be observed that the pupil is referred to the practical readings for examples in illustration of the theory, and brief extracts are used only when of absolute importance. Not a single sentence in the theoretical department of this volume should be ignored, for every line is, as it were, a stone upon stone in an elocutionary foundation.

## BREATHING.

---

Voice is the result of breath, and, to speak properly, we must breathe properly. The basis of voice cultivation is the management of the breath—not simply a knowledge of “deep breathing,” but breath economy, when to use it, and how much to use.

Legouvé says that the reader must always be master of breath, no matter how he overturns other rules. It is often an unheeded fact that incorrect breathing is a serious injury to the health, and people are reminded that if they wish to live long they must breathe well. Fowler says that the breath cure is the best cure; and a daily practice in deep abdominal breathing is a panacea for all ills. Breathe through the nose, and keep the mouth shut during sleep, and also when awake, when not engaged in conversation.

In reading or speaking draw the breath through the nose and mouth at the same time, for to pause every moment to inhale air through the nostrils would produce a very artificial effect, and is not at all necessary. Sleeping with the mouth open is a very injurious habit (this ought to be known by all, for it is by no means new

information), and will result in catarrh, asthma, weak lungs, weak voices, and many other ills. Indian mothers teach their children to breathe through the nose, for they say it makes strong men and women, and gives power over those who breathe through the mouth. If the mouth cannot be kept closed during sleep, place a small piece of isinglass plaster on lips before retiring. The voice can be used to a reasonable limit without becoming wearied or hoarse, if the breath is properly managed.

**HOW TO BREATHE.**—Keep the waist free from tight belts, or anything of a compressing nature, that will prevent the muscles from working. In a word, tight lacing means short breath and short life.

**EFFUSIVE BREATHING.**—Stand erect; expand chest by throwing shoulders and hips backward;—the wider the walls of the chest the more room for pure air. Place hands on abdomen, take a deep, long breath through the nostrils (keep the shoulders perfectly quiet), and give out very slowly the sound of H. Observe, by touch of hand, that the abdomen rises when the breath is inhaled, and sinks when expelled. It is effusive because the breathing is quiet and gentle. Inhale or draw in air from base of lungs. Breathing from upper part of lungs is very injurious.

**EXPULSIVE BREATHING.**—Obey same directions for position, etc., as in preceding exercise. Take a deep breath through nostrils (observe very carefully the action of

abdomen), quickly, but quietly, and expel the sound of H, like ordinary whispered cough.

**EXPLOSIVE BREATHING.**—Directions for position, etc., same as in effusive breathing. Take breath very quickly and expel H with abrupt and forcible violence.

**COSTAL BREATHING.**—Hands on side (lower ribs,) and breathe as in abdominal breathing, observing at the same time that the lower rib muscles of side move outwardly during inhalation and inwardly during expiration of breath.

**DORSAL (BACK) BREATHING.**—Hands on lower part of back, with fingers pressing sides of spine, and by force of will throw out back muscles, similar to costal breathing. All the muscles act more or less during this exercise, for they are dependent on each other; and it will be observed that the muscles of the back and side move naturally with less freedom than those of the abdomen. Deep breathing, with the lips closed, is very beneficial. Practice these exercises perseveringly, but not to excess. Twenty minutes or a half hour daily is sufficient. Exercise in breathing when walking and ascending stairs. Take a full, deep breath on ascending two steps of stairway, and expel on the third. This will be found very beneficial. If the muscles fail to work properly, practice Prof. J. Howard's forcing exercise: Hold the nose firmly with the hand (nasal passage closed), and attempt to blow it. The mouth and nose being closed, no air can escape, and it will be noticed when the effort is made to

blow the nose there will be a resistance, an agitation in the abdomen;—the muscles are forced to work.

HOW TO CONTROL THE BREATH.—A reader or speaker should never be heard breathe. Breath should be inhaled imperceptibly, and the lungs kept supplied with air. To exhaust the air in the lungs will cause many unpleasant gasps, and weary both reader and hearer. Good readers and speakers are never out of breath, only for effect.

Take any sentence, particularly one requiring considerable force and practice control of breath. Here is an example :

“Now, the Flag-Sergeant cried, (breathe.)  
Though death and hell betide, (breathe.)  
Let the whole Nation see  
If we are fit to be free  
In this land, (breathe) or bound  
Down, like the whining hound, (breathe.)  
Bound with red stripes of pain  
In our old chains again.”

It does not follow that all readers would take breath as above noted. People are governed by their breath capacity, and the above example will simply serve as an illustration. Poor readers do not inhale enough and exhale too much air. Inhale just enough air to carry the voice through a sentence or part of a sentence. *Take breath just before the lungs are entirely exhausted.* Breathe before the a's, e's and o's, for the mouth is then open and the breathing will be light and unperceived by the audience. If the chest is raised the air will enter noiselessly.

The following exercise, suggested by a French writer,

will be found very good for converting breath into sound, and preventing it from escaping :

“Take a lighted candle, and, standing close to it, sing the note *do*. The light is hardly affected. But instead of a single note, sing the whole octave, and you will see that at every note the light flickers, for the breath escapes. Practice carefully, and strive to inhale only enough to emit the note; allow none to escape, and in time the voice will run up a whole octave without causing the light to quiver, for the air is employed in forming the note, and has too much to do to become wind.”

THOSE WHO STAMMER OR STUTTER will find these breathing exercises of great benefit; for stammering, unless caused by organic defects, is the result of imperfect respiration. Try the “breath cure,” and the good effects will be soon evident.

## ARTICULATION.

---

When one is learning a language he attends to the sounds; but, when he is *master* of it, he attends only to the sense of what he would express.—*Reid on the Mind*.

PRODUCTION OF SPEECH.—The breath, striking against the larynx, (“voice box”), modified by the action of the lips, teeth, tongue and palate, produces speech. The larynx (commonly called *Adam’s apple*) is the upper part of the windpipe. If the breath is not properly managed the result will be a compression of the muscles of the larynx, and a consequent imperfect tone. Voice is dependent on the breath, and *no perfect tone can be made without a proper control of the organs of respiration*. Utterance should always be preceded by inhalation from base of lungs, for voice is made on expulsion of breath. The voice changes in children when they reach the age of puberty—the pitch lowers and the larynx enlarges, particularly in boys. Great care must be taken with the voice at this period, and children should not practice any voice culture that calls for changes of pitch or deep qualities of tone, but should confine themselves to readings of a conversational nature, with a proper regard to



control of breath, good articulation, and intelligent expression.

**RULES FOR GOVERNMENT OF ORGANS OF SPEECH.**—Keep the lips evenly in line with the teeth, with edges of teeth visible. Do not protrude lips. Tongue should never be depressed within lower jaw, or protruded between teeth. The tongue should be held back and slightly elevated, so its motions will be independent of those of jaw. During pauses of speech keep the teeth slightly apart. The tongue has no action against lower teeth, and should never touch them in articulation. Let downward motion of jaw be smooth and without jerking—two lines of teeth parallel. Do not let edges of teeth come quite in contact.

**ARTICULATION.**—It is distinctness of articulation—a correct utterance of the sounds of a language—more than mere loudness that makes reading or speaking well heard and understood.

**PRACTICAL EXERCISES.**—The vowels, called *tonics*, are simple pure sounds. The long vowels\* are—1. *eel*; 2. *ale*; 3. *arm*; 4. *all*; 5. *old*; 6. *ooze*. The short vowels are—1. *it*; 2. *ell*; 3. *at*; 4. *on*; 5. *up*; 6. *u* as in *full*. Diphthongs are two sounds united in one syllable. They are—*ou*, *oi*, *i* as in *lie*, *u* as in *mute*.

A well expanded chest, deep inhalation, and free opening of mouth, prepares the organs for action. Repeat long

\* There are six long and six short vowels. All other sounds are more or less closely united combinations of these elements.—*Potter*.

vowels, commencing at 1. *e* (observe directions for government of vocal organs), and continue to 6. *oo*. Repeat short vowels in a similar way. Strive, by proper economy of breath, to carry the voice through the long and short vowels (long vowels effusive breathing, short vowels expulsive breathing) on one inhalation. Take deep breath at 1. *e*, long sound, and emit long vowels on same inspiration to 6. *oo*. Take another breath and commence short vowels, paying out breath expulsively to *u* as in *full*.

CONSONANTS—(literally, “sounding with,”) are used principally for sounding with vowels. The letters of the alphabet, vowels excepted, are called consonants, and their elementary sounds are divided into subtonics and aspirates. Subtonics are sounds produced by voice, modified by vocal organs. They are—*b, d, g, j, l, m, n, ng, r, th* as in *thine, v, w, y, z* as in *zest, z* as in *azure*. Aspirates are mere breathings. They are—*f, h, k, p, s, t, th* as in *thin, ch* as in *chase, sh* as in *shade, wh* as in *whale*.

LETTERS FORMED BY LIPS.—*B, P, W, V, F, M, Wh*. In practicing these letters combined with a vowel sound, use the lips freely and make the sounds very distinct. In producing *Wh* compress lips and blow from center of mouth, then suddenly relax while air is escaping. In the practical exercises for forming letters, take a deep breath before each word, and pronounce in the effusive, expulsive and explosive

forms of breathing. The formation of difficult elements only is given. Practice,—bass, pipe, up, fife, vap, maim, whap, whip.

LETTERS DEPENDENT ON PALATE.—G as in gag, K as in cake, Y as in ye. G has a “soft” sound, as in *genius*. C has no element peculiar to itself, and takes the sounds of k and s. In practicing palatal sounds, open mouth freely, curve and hold back the tongue, and explode sound against palate. Practice,—gag, bag, big, ye, you yea.

NASAL SOUNDS—LETTERS AFFECTED BY NOSE.—N as in ink, N as in nun, NG as in sing. Practice,—ding, aping, nun ink. Give a fullness to ng.

LETTERS FORMED BY TONGUE.—D, T, TH as in thine, TH as in thin, Z as in azure, Z as in zone, S, R, L, SH as in sham, J, CH. The teeth also aid in forming these letters. In practicing d, t, press tip of tongue against gum, near upper fore teeth, and separate quickly. Practice,—dent, tent, bent, tend. To produce r, as in rap, vibrate tip of tongue against ridge of gum near upper fore teeth, and produce sound forcibly, but brief—make a slight trill, but do not prolong or roll. R should be slightly trilled when a vowel sound immediately follows it; as, ring, bring. To produce r (soft), vibrate slightly with whole fore part of tongue, draw back tongue and raise it towards roof of mouth, but do not touch it. Say far, not fah; star, not stah. Some people find it difficult to pronounce r correctly, and cannot give it a slight trill. The sound

seems to stay in the throat. A good plan, suggested by Legouv  , is to pronounce *te, de* rapidly, and at the same time introduce *re*; as, *de, te, te, de, dre, tre, re, te*; then drop *t*, and after more practice, the *d*, and allow the *r* to vibrate alone. The tongue will be busy in forming *de, te*, which are easily pronounced, and the *r* will become accustomed to vibrate with the others. Practice,—ring, bring, war, star, far, dart, cart, tree.

TO PRODUCE THE TH AS IN THIN.—Breathe forcibly, with slight horizontal parting of lips and forcible pressure of end of tongue against the upper fore teeth. Practice,—thin, thrust, think, breathe.

TO ARTICULATE SH.—Gently raise whole fore part of tongue towards roof of mouth, and aspirate *sh*, allowing breath to escape with considerable force. Practice,—shame, push, shrieked, shirk, lull, dull, shroud, siege, gone, azure, set, church, job.

ASPIRATE SOUND H.—Form by a forcible emission of breath in style of whisper, and moderate opening of organs. Practice,—he, hail, hit, badst. hull. *H* represents the aspirate or expulsive sounds of vowels. (NOTE —Letters not given are combinations of other sounds.)

ADDITIONAL EXERCISES.—In the following exercises bring out the elements distinctly, and linger on final consonants: Charm'st, midst, attempt, strive, thrill, throttle, strength, hanged, wafts, harm'dst, asked, whirl, scslave, sphere, depth, call'dst, meshes.

Articulate *d* in *and* distinctly. Give a fulness to the

final sh as in flash, wash. Thwing says that the Rev. Dr. Stone, on his departure for the Pacific Coast, gave a fulness to the final sh, in alluding to the "wash of the waves," and it made a picture instantly.

Do NOT SAY ax for acts, fax for facts, wen for when, wat for what, wile for while. See how wh is formed, page 20. Do not ignore final ng; as, findin for finding, sewin for sewing. Bring out elements correctly—history, not histry; every, not evry; regular, not reglar. Children sometimes say tat for cat. Place pencil in child's mouth over tongue and hold tongue down; then require child to pronounce k by expelling breath against palate; keep tongue held to t; then remove pencil and the child's tongue will form t readily—thus: k-a-t. If the tongue is kept from working it will be very difficult so say tat. Many people ignore practice in articulation, and think that nature has given them a distinct utterance. Some of those people are responsible for the little girl who came home from Sunday school and entertained her mother by singing, in childish innocence, "Hand round the Wash Rag." It was "Rally round the Watchword" she should have said; but "Hand round the Wash Rag" was all the little one could make out of the peculiar articulation in the Sunday school. Mrs. Stowe says that for some years after she heard the line, "The seas and all that in them is" read, it appeared to her young mind as, "The seas and all the tinimies."

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.—Take "Hamlet's Advice to

the Players," and read it carefully to a friend in an under tone, striving to make yourself understood by clear articulation and emphasize each syllable that it may reach the mind of the hearer. Read the line: "Speak the speech, I pray you as I pronounced it to you trippingly on the tongue," and observe action of lips in p, tongue in d, t, palatal sound in k, and long vowels in speak and speech. Some say incorrectly spik for speak and spich for speech; others, trippinly for trippingly. Sound ng distinctly. Continue the reading and practice as above indicated.

It is the custom on the stage, and with many public speakers, to say me for my, as; "Me aunt's wine is worthy of me aunt." It is not good and may be called an "old country importation." Say my expulsively—short and quick without losing original sound—for ordinary purposes of speech, and effusively—my prolonged—for general emphasis, or explosively for strong abrupt emphasis. "*Pronounce words in such a manner as to be readily understood, but never in such a manner as to excite remark.*" With practice and perseverance the organs of speech will soon take care of themselves and enunciate naturally and distinctly, without any special effort of the will.

## THE PURE TONE,

---

A PURE VOICE—is a clear, distinct and smooth tone, and is free from guttural, nasal, aspirate or other impure qualities. It is principally used in conversation, the expression of excessive joy, gayety, and all unemotional utterances. As the pure quality is most used it should be very carefully cultivated.

To acquire a pure tone, which means a good voice, expand well the chest, breathe deeply; take in much breath, but give little out, and convert what escapes into sound; use abdominal muscles vigorously and open mouth freely. Direct breath towards front of mouth and out of mouth, and slightly raise the larynx. The larynx is raised in the act of swallowing;—raise it (slightly) in a similar manner in practicing pure tone. Place finger on larynx, notice its motion, and also observe that the breath strikes fully fore part of mouth. Keep tongue in natural position. Whisper a, e, i, o, u, effusively—whisper prolonged—then expulsively,—whisper moderately quick. Having learned to hold the larynx and direct the breath, repeat the vowels and convert whisper into full pure tone. With practice the

larynx and breath will act naturally in obedience to the will. Use a smooth, gentle effusive form of pure voice in reading pathetic, solemn or sentimental selections. Select for practice "Rosary of my Years." Do not drawl the words or try to give them a "song sound;" but read slowly and smoothly, adhere closely to nature, make the reading the result of real feeling, and the tone will be correct; for the rule of art is simply a rule of nature—nature properly expressed. The beauty of a fine sentimental reading, calling for quiet tranquil expression, would be seriously marred by a quick expulsive delivery. In reading narrative, instructive or descriptive selections, use the expulsive form of voice—speak moderately quick—and give the reading sufficient vim and animation. Select "Hamlet's Advice" for a practical expulsive drill. In readings of a joyful or gay character speak the lines in a brisk, lively, style of pure voice. Select "Phaidrick Crohoore" for practice.

"Every one has a natural pitch of voice which is most easy to himself, and used principally in conversation. It is called the middle tone. To increase the power of voice, the middle tone must be strengthened, and to do this, practice the words, 'Lord Angus, thou hast lied' in this tone as loud as possible without allowing the voice to rise into a higher key." Take care not to strain the voice in this exercise by over exertion. Gradually increase the force, and keep it under proper control.



This practice will give the voice a good foundation, and prepare it for the coming exercises.

In impassioned utterance, reverential or devotional feeling, the pure tone is made more effective, by deepening and enlarging it, or giving the voice what is called an *orotund* quality.

**THE OROTUND QUALITY OF VOICE.**—*Orotund* is from the Latin phrase "*ore rotundo*," used by Horace in describing the round, full, and flowing utterance of the Greeks. "It is the pure tone rounded in the mouth and deepened in the chest, a rich volume of trumpet sound." If the pure tone is deepened and rounded in sublime thought, reverential feeling, or pathos, mingled with grandeur, it will greatly enhance reading or speaking. "The cultivation of vocal music, in the form of singing bass," say Murdock and Russell "is an effectual means of securing the property of effusive *orotund* utterance in reading and speaking."

Females should not attempt a very deep tone, and should take care that the voice retains its feminine character, for any approach toward a masculine style, will seriously detract from the natural charm of a lady's delivery.

Practice on the alto notes in music will be of service to females in acquiring an *orotund* quality. The *orotund* is a much abused quality of voice, and many readers and speakers use it injudiciously, barren of thought or feeling, and provoke the criticism, "He has too much elocution." The *orotund* should be

used in appropriate contrast with the pure tone, and artistically blended in an effective coloring of light and shade. It must partake not only of voice, but of thought; for the cultivation of the orotund does not reveal alone an attractive vocal quality, but a power of expression that finds its inspiration in the soul.

TO PRODUCE THE OROTUND.—Expand chest, take a large inhalation of breath, use abdominal muscles, and keep mouth well open; depress the larynx—the larynx is dropped as in yawning; drop it in a similar way in producing deep tone—and drop back of tongue. The back of tongue is depressed by drawing the tongue backwards, as if trying to swallow it;—this will also cause the larynx to fall. Emit breath very freely; fix the eyes on a distant point and send tone forward out of mouth, aiming at point in view. Whisper the sounds ah, aw, o, effusively, expulsively and explosively, and when the organs and breath are under control, convert whisper into full orotund quality, and let the sound spring out with freedom and fulness. Practice effusive, etc. Observe the difference in adjusting the organs in pure tone and orotund, and alternate with pure tone practice. Practice the word “charge” in pure tone, then orotund, using the different forms of voice.

AN IMPURE NASAL TONE can be remedied by practice on the orotund quality, for the veil of the palate is raised in the act of yawning or gaping (larynx depressed similarly), and the vocal current passes out through the mouth. When the veil of the palate falls upon the

tongue the passage to the mouth is closed, and the vocal current passes through the nostrils, causing a nasal tone. Use an effusive orotund voice in reading selections of a devotional, pathetic—mingled with gloom—or reverential character, as:

“These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair. Thyself how wondrous then!”

See words of Priest in “Benediction.” In delivering earnest or bold thought, an expulsive orotund will be found very effective.

Select “Examples for Ireland” for drill. In the expulsive orotund form, expel the words with vim and energy. In expressing courage, anger, terror, or very powerful feeling, explode the orotund with abrupt, violent force. Select last lines in the “Tell-Tale Heart” for practice, commencing, “Villains! dissemble no more.”

The captain’s commands in “The Pilot,” and the pilot’s replies, will be found very good examples of the orotund. There is a difference in the pitch or elevation of voice; the captain’s voice is high, and the pilot’s low and full.

A TREMOR QUALITY,—or a slight trembling of the voice, is the natural expression of feeble old age, grief, or appeal for sympathy. It is very effectual in certain emotional feeling when properly used, but an excessive use of the tremor will destroy the desired effect. Example:

“She might have lived struggling like Lizzie,” etc.

(See “*Young Grayhead*.”)

“If mamma were here, but she lies by his side,” etc.

(See “*You put no Flowers on my Papa’s Grave*.”)

## F O R C E.

---

Force is the degree of energy in which the sound is spoken. Sound can be produced with great force in a whisper as well as in a shout. If the pupil has diligently practiced the preceding lessons, he has gained a command of force, and a good vocal foundation, for force is dependent on the pressure of breath. Force must not be confounded with pitch, for a low key may be accompanied by strong force, and a high key by weak force. Force may be subdued, moderate, or very strong, according to the thought or feeling expressed. The drill on page 26, for increasing the power of voice by strengthening the middle tone, should be practiced frequently. Practice the sentence, "Ho! Bring the Boat over," with subdued force, then, moderate (used in ordinary conversation), then somewhat more powerful, and finally with all the force at command. It is not alone the possession of force, but its proper control and distribution, that makes reading or speaking attractive. The most powerful emotions are not always dependent on loudness of sound, and can be often best expressed in an energetic whisper. (See "Introductory

Essay," page 9.) Care should be taken to adapt the voice to the size and acoustic properties of the room or hall spoken in, and the opening part of a reading or speech should be in a low tone, with clear, clean-cut enunciation. "Nothing so commands silence as a low voice; people are hushed to hear, and end by listening." A reader or speaker must reserve his force for the proper time, and not expend too much on a single effort. He must "hold something back" from the people, or the people will hold back from hearing him. Expend no more than the exact amount of force required. In the "Tell-Tale Heart," the lines preceding the final climax, "Villains! dissemble no more!" call for an expression of intense energy, which must be given forcibly, but not necessarily with volume or loudness of voice. The volume of voice should be reserved for the great climax, and the contrast will give a startling and powerful effect.

**PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS.**—Practice the opening lines of "McLaine's Child" in a whisper, with appropriate energetic expression, then in an undertone, and then with strong volume of voice. Strive to bring out the spirit of the words.

The above example is intended for a practical drill in the various degrees of force.

The whisper and half whisper degrees of force or qualities of voice, are used for expressing fear, alarm, horror and secrecy. Examples:

"While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,

Or whispering with white lips—'The foe! they come! they come!'"

“Who’s there! Who’s there!” “I kept quiet, very quiet.” (See “Tell-Tale Heart.”) “Hark! I hear some one.” The whisper and half whisper produce similar effects, and can be spoken effusively, expulsively or explosively, according to the character of feeling. The pupil should carefully study the sentiment, put the thought, as it were, in his own mind by reflecting how he would act under similar circumstances, or how other people are governed by their feelings, and nature will take care of the expression. Read selections of a solemn or serious character with quiet, subdued force. Select “Rest,” for practical reading.

In descriptive, narrative or unemotional selections, use a moderate degree of force. Practice,—“Richard Doubledick,” (first part). In expressing mirth or gladness, speak with energetic force. Practice,—“Money Musk.” Use all the force at command for expressing scorn, defiance, and in exciting appeal. Practice,—“Black Regiment,” “McLaine’s Child.”

“In expressing pathos, the voice naturally drops to subdued force; in delivering narrative or instructive thought it is pleasantly modulated to moderate force. Speaking in a small room it is regulated to the size of room; addressing an audience in the open air, the voice is clear and audible, and when under the influence of strong excitement it is used with judgment, and does not rant or vociferate.”

**STRESS.**—Force placed on a part of a word. The pupil has had a practical drill in the degrees of stress,

(effusive, expulsive and explosive), and it is believed that this, with an understanding of force, as explained on the preceding pages, emphasis and inflections, will answer all practical purposes, and point out the "shortest way" to natural, effective expression, without necessarily elaborating or subdividing rules. The authorities on elocution have given many kinds of stress and many kinds of rules, and no doubt Archbishop Whately, when he wrote his criticism on elocutionary theories, felt, like many others, that a pedantic analysis of expression, and multiplication of rules, not only confused those seeking excellence in this attractive art, but caused a distaste for the study of elocution.

## PITCH.—MODULATION OF VOICE.

---

Pitch is the degree of elevation or depression of the voice in reading or speaking. It is not necessarily an increase of force (see page 30). Practice on the musical scale is a very good aid in acquiring a control of pitch. An exercise on any word or words in the speaking voice corresponding to the notes of the musical scale, should be practiced carefully and diligently. The larynx gradually rises in singing the musical scale, or elevating the pitch of the speaking voice, and falls in the lower notes. Place finger on larynx and observe its action. The middle pitch of the voice—the natural or conversational pitch—varies in individuals. It is comparatively high in some people and low in others. Two persons may read the same selection on different keys, yet each be proper. The middle tone is most used in reading or speaking. In the following example, first, gradually lower the pitch, and gain control of the lower notes; then elevate the voice step by step, and master each note before another is attempted. “From the lower to the higher,” says Dr. Streeter, “is nature’s



law." Do not speak explosively; use a sustained, prolonged tone, and increase the force with the elevation of pitch. Example: "The Herald's Call," Shakspeare.

"Rejoice, you men of Angiers! Ring your bells;  
King John, your king and England's, doth approach;  
Open your gates and give the victors way!"

Be careful not to strain the voice in the above exercise. Example for practice:

Moderate	}	"On the earl's cheek, the flush of rag
Pitch and Force.		O'er came the ashen hue of age;
Lower.		Fierce he broke forth:
High.		And darest thou then
Rising.		To beard the lion in his den,
Higher,		The Douglas in his hall?
and		And hop'st thou thence <i>unscathed</i> to go?
Louder.		No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, <i>No!</i>
Very high,		Up draw-bridge: grooms, what, warder, ho!
and Loud.		Let the portcullis fall."

"The elocutionist," say Murdock and Russell, "draws his scale from feeling rather than from science or external rule. He cannot, like the musician, confine himself to a perfectly exact measurement of sound."

Middle Pitch (conversational) is adapted to narrative, oratorical, instructive or descriptive styles of reading. Examples: "Patriotism." "Hamlet's Advice to the Players." Read "The Portrait" and study carefully the feelings of a man all alone reflecting "on the dead up stairs," and the pitch of voice will naturally lower, for the mind is governed by proper feeling. In horror, despair, or deep solemnity, the pitch should be very low, and extracts of a supernatural style read in a low monotone or sameness of sound; as, "I am thy father's spirit." 'Think well in reading, and intel-

ligence will suggest that when a selection is gay or buoyant, or earnest and impassioned in character, the pitch should be naturally raised in accordance with the sentiment expressed.

Read “Keenan’s Charge” and “Phaidrick Crohoore.” A low pitch can be used with great force in anger or hatred. Example: “I hate him, for that he is a Christian.” Observe the pitch of voice in feebleness, or the extremes of pain and fear. It is high, but lacks force. Example: “Who says I forgot?” (See closing lines of “Young Greyhead.”)

CHANGES OF PITCH. MODULATION.—“Appropriate variety of pitch on the successive words or syllables is one of the most essential parts of good reading.” “The voice should flow on through all the changes of pitch (unless there is an abrupt break in the ideas), just as a good road runs on over every varying hills and vales, without once losing its smooth continuity.” A sameness of pitch is characteristic of school boy reading, and many old boys who have left school. Pitch should be changed frequently, otherwise the voice will lack modulation and become very monotonous. It should be lowered in parenthesis, contrast, or simile. Examples: “One summer afternoon — *at that time those steamers seldom carried boats*—smoke was seen ascending from below.” Lower the voice one note at the first italicized word, continue to last italicized word, and read “smoke” and “afternoon” on the same key of voice. The object is to bring out the main thought. Examples: “Double-

dick," *said the captain*, "do you know where you are going to?" "I did not know, *she said in a faint voice, her lips quivering with emotion*, I did not know, *till now*, how hard it would be to leave my child." "Hold, *as 'twere*, the mirror up to nature." "Suit the action *to the word*, the word *to the action*." In the following examples the depression of pitch is more marked, and the change partakes of feeling: "And the star was shining; *and it shines upon his grave*." "She turned her beaming eyes upon him—*and it was night*." "Every man, woman and child was saved, *as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God*." Practice the "Pilot," and apply the principles of this lesson and the preceding exercises. The "Pilot" embraces many changes of pitch, force and quality. In changing pitch be careful not to make the contrast too marked, or the effect will be destroyed. There are many public speakers who mar the beauty of their delivery by a failure to modulate the voice properly on the final words of a sentence, when a completion of sense is indicated. The voice should drop in pitch one tone at a time on the last three syllables of a sentence, complete in sense. If the selection is effusive or gentle in nature, the voice should move smoothly and gradually from one tone to another. Example:

"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old  
arm  
chair."

In the above example and similar exercises, use the speaking voice in its purity and smoothness, and avoid

a “sing song” cadence—a fault with many speakers. In strong feeling the decline of pitch, or fall of the voice, on the last three syllables of a sentence is more abrupt—not so gradual in sound as in effusive reading; and in ordinary reading the voice is dropped on each final syllable very slightly. Select “Rosary of my Years” for practice in smooth cadence. Read “Examples for Ireland,” and give Meagher’s fine rhetorical words strength and spirit, by a well modulated cadence. The appended example from the work of Dr. Rush, will convey an idea of the frequent changes of pitch on unemphatic words and syllables. It is arranged to correspond with the musical notes of the doctor’s illustration. “No more than two or three consecutive syllables should be given on the same tone. Natural melody demands that this frequent change of pitch on the unemphatic syllables should be only one tone at a time.”

“That	quarter		most			ful	Greeks		an	noy,
			the			skil				
Where										
	you		fig	trees	the	join		walls	of	Troy.”
	wild									

# INFLECTIONS.

---

An inflection is a turn of the voice either upward or downward;— a change of pitch on a word or sound. In positive emphatic expression the falling inflection is used. The rising inflection expresses negative, incomplete thought. See appended Rules.

The pitch of voice falls quite low on very positive or emphatic words, and for ordinary purposes of speech the downward turn is not so marked. The rising inflection is moderately high in certain emotions, and rises higher when the feeling grows stronger. It may seem a repetition, but it cannot be too strongly emphasized that rules of art in reading or speaking are rules of nature, and the only true way to give words their proper inflections is to fully understand and appreciate their meaning. If children were taught to read with thought the little boy would not ignore natural inflections and pauses, and say, "My name is Norval on the Grampian Hills," leaving his auditors to imagine that he had another name on the lowlands. If any difficulty is experienced in thinking, the rules, it is hoped, will help the pupil to think. Inflections of voice indicate

character, and the following illustration may be of some interest. In the "dark days" of the war, when Gen. Price threatened a Missouri town, several hundred of its citizens assembled together and discussed measures for protection and defense. The speeches made on that occasion were passive or negative in character, and many present, who did not speak, looked a "rising inflection." But one man finally rose and said, "Gentlemen, there is only one course for brave men to pursue, one conclusion to reach, and that is to fight!" The power of that falling inflection cannot be expressed in words. It gave a heart and purpose to the meeting. The following selected rules can be studied with profit:

RULE I. Direct questions usually require the rising inflection and their answers the falling; as, Have you read Dickens' works'? Yes'.

Note 1. Indifferent answers to questions take the rising inflection; as, "What did John say'?" "Not much'."

Note 2. When the first verb is emphasized and an affirmative reply is expected, the question requires the falling inflection; as, *Is* this true'. *Is* it right'.

Note 3. When a direct question is not understood, and *repeated* with emphasis, it takes the falling inflection; as, Are you going home'? I said are you going home'?

RULE II. Expressions of strong feeling such as positiveness, determination, authority, anger, exclamation, etc., require the falling inflection; as, I defy' the honorable gentleman. I'd rather be a dog', and bay the moon' than such a Roman. Woe unto you Pharisees'!

Note.—When exclamatory sentences become questions they take the rising inflection; as, What are you saying'!

RULE III. A series of unemphatic single words, cases of direct address and suspension of the sense, usually require the rising inflection; as, Peter', James' and John', come here. Friends', Romans', Countrymen', lend me your ears. If thine enemy hunger'—

Note.—The falling inflection is used in a very respectful opening address, or in address on solemn occasions; as, Mr. President', Ladies and Gentlemen'.

RULE IV. The last member of an emphatic commencing series, and the last but one of an emphatic concluding series, usually require the rising inflection, and all others the falling; as, A good disposition', virtuous principles', a liberal education', and industrious habits', are passports to honor. These reward a good disposition', virtuous principles', a liberal education', and industrious habits'.

Note.—Readers who have a different conception of a selection do not always use the same inflections on a series of words; as, Friends', Romans', Countrymen'. Friends', Romans', Countrymen'. The change from the rising to the falling inflection on the word countrymen, gives the word a power, and is a strong appeal to the feelings of those addressed. The use of the inflections on a series of words is according to the importance of a word; the rising inflection makes it unimportant, and the falling important. Good taste and judgment will suggest the proper inflection.

RULE V. Indirect questions take the falling inflection, and their answers the same; as, What did you say'? Nothing'.

Note.—If the question is repeated it takes the rising inflection; as, *What' did you say'?*

RULE VI. The termination of thought, or completion of sense at the close, or any other part of a sentence, requires the falling inflection; but when strong emphasis comes with the falling inflection near the close of a sentence, the rising inflection is generally used; as, Every human being has an idea of duty'; and to unfold this idea is the end for which life was given him'. What night is this'? A very pleasing night to *honest'* men'.

RULE VII. When negation is opposed to affirmation the former takes the rising, and the latter the falling inflection; as, I come to bury Caesar', not to praise him'. This rule applies to comparison and contrast; as, Homer was the greater genius', Virgil the better artist'.

RULE VIII. Questions, words and clauses, connected by the disjunctive or, usually require the *rising* inflection before and the *falling* after it; though when or is used conjunctively it takes the rising inflection *after* as well as *before* it; as, Does he deserve praise' or blame'? Can youth', or health', or pleasure' satisfy the soul'?

RULE IX. The language of concession, entreaty, politeness and tender emotions generally require the rising inflection; as, Your remark is true'; the manners of the country have not all the desirable ease and freedom'. John', John', do not do so'.

RULE X. The rising inflection is used in the expression of intense surprise and astonishment; as, Must I budge'? I an itching palm'? Seems, madam'? Nay, it is; I know not seems.

The following selection from "Othello" is a good example of the rising inflection. Give particular atten-



tion to the negative or seemingly indifferent replies of Iago, and the effect produced on Othello by Iago's Inflections:

IAGO. My noble lord'—

OTHELLO. What dost thou say', Iago'?

IAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, know' of your love'?

OTHELLO. He did', from first to last': why dost thou ask'?

IAGO. But for a satisfaction of my thought': No further harm'.

OTHELLO. Why of thy thought', Iago'?

IAGO. I did not think he had been acquainted' with it.

OTHELLO. Oh' yes', and went between us very oft.

IAGO. Indeed'?

OTHELLO. Indeed'! aye, indeed'! Discern'st thou aught in that'? Is he not honest'?

IAGO. Honest', my lord'?

OTHELLO. Aye honest'.

IAGO. My lord, for aught I know'.

OTHELLO. What dost thou think'?

IAGO. Think', my lord'?

OTHELLO. Think, my lord? By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thoughts  
Too hideous to be shown.

THE WAVES OF THE VOICE.—When sarcasm, irony, jest, ridicule, or double meaning is expressed, the inflections unite on a word or syllable, and this union is called a wave of the voice. When the voice waves, first downward, and then upward, it is called a rising wave, and is given to negative ideas; when it waves upward and downward, it is a falling wave, and is used for positive ideas. A study of the following examples, as applied to nature, and a substitution of original examples, will give a better understanding of the expression of irony or double meaning by the natural waves of the voice than an elaborate analysis, which would really confuse more

than enlighten. Examples.—Falling wave: Talleyrand being pestered with questions by a squinting man, concerning his broken leg, replied, “It is quite crooked, as you ‘see’.” Hume said he would go twenty miles to hear Whitefield preach, but he would take no pains to hear an ‘ordinary’ preacher.

Examples.—Rising wave:

QUEEN. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

HAMLET. Madam; ‘you’ have my father much offended.

Example.—Rising and falling: “If you said ‘so’, then ‘so’.” “O ‘ho’! did you say ‘so’?”

Practice the vowels with the different inflections, first rising then falling, then the rising and falling waves, This exercise will give the voice flexibility.

## EMPHASIS AND PAUSES.

---

Emphasis means to point out, or bring out strongly, the sense of a word. When a word is emphasized the mind should dwell on the idea the word conveys, and the idea will reproduce itself in the minds of the auditors. When words are used in contrast, or point out a difference, they are emphatic; as, "I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder*." When there is a succession of important words or phrases the words gradually increase in force; as, "I was *born* an American; I *live* an American; I shall *die* an American." "But here I stand for *right*—for ROMAN right." All important words or phrases should be emphasized or brought out. It requires study and judgment to determine the proper emphatic word. Rules are of little avail. Boswell says Dr. Johnson criticised Garrick and Gifford, noted actors of their time, for incorrectly emphasizing certain words. They disputed Johnson's assertion, and the great lexicographer, gave them the ninth commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," for a test example. They both tried and failed. Johnson gave the emphasis on *not* and *false witness*, and enjoyed his

victory. Legouv  , gives the following very original illustration for bringing out the importance of words. "The subject is the "Oak and the Reed." You begin: The OAK—here your voice must be round and full. Your gesture must be noble and somewhat emphatic; you are describing a giant, you know, his head in the clouds, his feet in the regions of eternal death:

"The OAK, one day said to the reed."

Remember! Hardly any voice at all in pronouncing the word *reed*. Let your intonation belittle him, squeeze him, crush him, the wretched vegetable. All this in a masterly way, with a low, smothered voice, as if you were looking down on him from a great distance." A clergyman once read the following passage from the Bible with the emphasis thus: "And the old man said unto his sons, saddle me the ass; and they saddled *him*." The effect of the emphasis on the word *him* can well be imagined.

There are public speakers who give their words a sledge hammer blow, and then suddenly decrease in force, causing a very disagreeable shock to the ears. Force should be applied to an important word with a "temperance that will give it smoothness." Emphasis in speech is like coloring in painting. There must be a proper contrast or the effect will be lost. In an effusive reading, the increase and decrease of force on an emphatic word must be smooth and gradual, that there may be a harmonious blending of vocal coloring. The voice should fall on an emphatic word, (see Inflections) and a

slight pause made *before* it, which will excite expectation, and *after*, to give the thought time to lodge in the minds of the people.

### PAUSES.

“Every sentence has a double set of punctuation marks, one visible, the other invisible; one is the printer’s, the other the reader’s.” In reading or speaking, a pause should be made, on an average, at every fifth or sixth word. Sometimes the sentiment or emotion will call for a prolonged pause at the close, or any part of a sentence. If the pause is emotional or made for effect, it must be given a certain power of expression. Sterne says in the “Critic:” “In suspending his voice,—was the sense suspended? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent?” There is an unexpressed meaning in a pause; a picture is made that appeals to the heart; the people not only hear,—they see. The length of pauses depends upon the character of the reading. If the reading is unemotional they are moderate; if it embraces deep feeling, solemnity or grandeur, they are long, and in strong impassioned emotion, they are varied in length. In the following example observe the general pauses, and the effect of a prolonged pause on the word *it*. Use the imagination in picturing the “illustrious dead.” The cultivation of the imagination is an important requisite in the art of reading.

Example: “I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton,—I would lift from his gaping wound his

bloody mantle,—I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask—in the name of God I would ask—whether at the sight of IT—they felt no compunction.”

In “The Pilot,” a pause after the line, “John Maynard stood at the helm,” with appropriate expression and appreciation of the heroic character of the man will give great power to the mental picture. Study the effect of the pause, and let the face reflect the thought, at the close of the following lines from “Julius Cæsar:” “My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, and I must pause till it come back to me.” The student must use discrimination in pausing, or the effect will not be good. Rules may aid, but they cannot meet all requirements. The judgment may at times suggest a departure from some particular rule. Be careful not to pause too long.

RULES FOR PAUSING.—Pauses should be made before—

- “1. Infinitive phrases; as, He has gone | *to convey the news*.
- 2 Relative pronouns; as, He laughs best | *who laughs last*.
3. Adjectives following their nouns; as, Dim minia-  
ture of greatness | *absolute!*
4. An elipsis or omitted word; as, So goes the world:  
if | wealthy, you may call this | friend, that | brother.
5. Prepositional phrases; as, Never measure other  
people’s corn | *by your own bushel*.
6. A word or words of strong emphasis; as, The  
Union | must be preserved.

Pauses should be made after—

1. Nominative phrases or compound nominatives; as  
All high poetry | is infinite. Joy and sorrow | move him  
not.

2. An emphatic word; as, Strike | till the last armed  
foe expires.

3. Objective phrase; as, A word once spoken | a coach  
and six horses cannot bring it back.”

To prevent the too frequent recurrence of pauses the  
voice should be held or suspended on certain words  
without necessarily pausing. This is very important.

Example:

How — shall we rank thee | upon glory's — page,  
Thou *more* — than soldier, and just less — than sage !  
All thou hast — been | reflects less — praise | on thee,  
Far — less | than all thou hast forborne — to be.

The perpendicular lines represent the actual pauses  
in the above example, and the parallel the prolongation  
of sound.

Select the “Pride of Battery B” and other readings  
for practice, and endeavor to apply the rules and prin-  
ciples of this lesson.

## RATE, GESTURE, ETC.

---

In elocution the rate of utterance may be rapid, very rapid, slow, very slow and moderate. A rapid rate is used for animated or lively expression ; very rapid for excitement or alarm and commotion ; slow for contemplative and pathetic feeling ; very slow for deep emotion, such as reverence or adoration, and the moderate rate for ordinary narrative or descriptive thought. "The power of movement or rate may be observed in the difference between a school-boy gabbling through his task, in haste to get rid of it, and a great tragedian, whose whole soul is rapt in the part of Cato uttering the soliloquy on immortality, or Hamlet musing on the great themes of duty, life and death." There are some speakers who drawl their words, and give sentences that call for animated feeling, a dreary, gloomy expression ; and there are others who have very eloquent thought, but they utter their words so rapidly that many of their best points are lost, for the auditors are not given sufficient time to think with them. We were once approached by a young politician, who said he spoke too rapidly, and wanted to know how



to correct the habit. "Speak slowly," we answered. "A very simple remedy, thank you."

Select "Drunkards not all Brutes," for a drill in moderate rate; "You put no flowers on my papa's grave," and "The Portrait," for slow rate, and "Money Musk" for very quick rate. Speak the lines, "I sprang to it, seizing it wildly," etc., in "Asleep at the Switch" very quickly and with great force. "Asleep at the Switch" and "Phaidrick Crohoore" are good examples of quick and very quick rates of utterance. Selections of a devotional or reverential character should be read very slowly. A reading may admit of many changes of rate. Select other readings for practice.

**THE GUTTURAL QUALITY OF VOICE.**—The guttural is a rough, harsh tone, which seems to come from an obstructed throat. It expresses hate, rage, denunciation, etc. This quality should not be used until the voice is on a sure foundation, and then very sparingly. It is generally used in personating character. Examples, "I hate him for that he is a Christian." (*"Merchant of Venice."*)

"Avaunt and quit my sight !  
Let the earth hide thee !"

### PERSONATION—EXPRESSION.

In personating character the voice should change in pitch and sometimes in quality. The story of Richard Doubledick affords a good illustration. Doubledick speaks in a lower pitch than Captain Taunton, his voice trembles with feeling and his emotion at times chokes his

utterance. A careful study of people and their peculiarities of voice and manner, is the only way to succeed in portraying character. It is a sympathy in common with the character, at least for the time being, that hides our own personalities and makes the delineation true to nature. The sentiment of Richard Doubledick is very hard to analyze. It is a story of the heart that goes to the heart. When Doubledick says "God bless you" and "I will, and ask only for one witness," there is a feeling expressed that is beyond analysis. Feeling must be always under command. If a reader loses control over his emotions, instead of exciting tears or alarm, he will only provoke laughter. Prof. Hartley says: "A single tear glistening in the eye, or a natural tremor on one single word is worth a hundred dry lines of artificial declamation." Bret Harte was once told that a well known public man cried when reading one of his delightful stories. "I cried, myself, when I wrote it," replied Bret Harte. It is of such material that artists are made.

### GESTURE.

Gesture is the physical expression of a thought. General directions for grace of action are deemed a sufficient guide for the student of elocution—experience will do the rest. When the thought expressed is tranquil, the action should be smooth, and the hands move in slightly curved lines, but the gesture must not show any evidence of previous study. The mind should direct the hand and the thought put in the finger ends. A lady said of a

great tragedian: "I did not see his hands and feet." The actor "suited the action to the word, the word to the action." The auditors saw the object pointed out and not the hand that pointed out the object. Gesture should be made only when it is really necessary. We were at one time very profuse with gesticulation, but in our travels we left behind, in each town visited, many superfluous motions. Experience taught us that too much physical action calls attention from the subject to the speaker. Facial expression should always precede gesture, and when the purpose of the gesture is accomplished, the hand should fall gracefully to the side. "Next to the voice in effectiveness," says Cicero, "is the countenance, and this is ruled over by the eyes." "When a man is possessed with his subject," says Broadus, "and thoroughly subordinates all thought of self, his countenance will spontaneously assume every appropriate expression." On appearing before an audience, a reader or speaker should not immediately commence his subject, but should let his eyes, for a moment, wander over the auditory and become familiar, as it were, with the people present. The carriage of the body must be easy and self-possessed, indicating confidence, but not egotism. Experience will do more than instruction in this particular. A grace of manner and command of person always distinguishes the professional reader from the amateur. Make a slight, easy inclination of the head in bowing, and keep the eyes, with a pleased expression, on the audience. There is a charm in a bow, if made grace-

fully, that creates a very agreeable impression. Familiarity with polite society and refinement of feeling, contribute greatly to success in reading or speaking. Good breeding will reflect in manner and speech, and it is very easy to discern the gentleman in the speaker.

## SELECTIONS.

---

### HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus : but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh ! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor ; suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ;—to show virtue her own feature ; scorn her own image ; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve ; the cen-

sure of which *one* must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.—*Shakspeare.*

---

### THE PILOT.

John Maynard was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest, and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon — at that time those steamers seldom carried boats — smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out :

“Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there.”

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, “Captain, the ship is on fire.”

Then “fire! fire! fire!” on shipboard.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot :

“How far are we from Buffalo?”

“Seven miles.”

“How long before we can reach there?”

“Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam.”

“Is there any danger?”

“Danger, here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward if you would save your lives.”

Passengers and crew—men, women and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet:

“John Maynard!”

“Aye, aye, sir!”

“Are you at the helm?”

“Aye, aye, sir!”

“How does she head?”

“South-east by east, sir.”

“Head her south-east and run her on shore,” said the captain. Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out:

“John Maynard!”

The response came feebly this time, “Aye, aye, sir!”

“Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?” he said.

“By God’s help, I will.”

The old man’s hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God. — *John B. Gough.*

---

## THE STORY OF RICHARD DOUBLEDICK.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a relative of mine came limping down, on foot, to this town of Chatham. I call it this town, because if anybody present knows to a nicety where Rochester ends and Chatham begins, it is more than I do. He was a poor traveler, with not a farthing in his pocket. He sat by the fire in this very room, and he slept one night in a bed that will be occupied to-night by some one here.

My relative came down to Chatham to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was to get shot; but he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking. My relative's Christian name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road coming down and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick; age, twenty-two; height, five foot ten; native place, Exmouth, which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge here with half a shoe to his dusty foot, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line, and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it. You are to know that this relative of mine had gone wrong, and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl, whom he had loved better than she—or perhaps even he—believed; but in an evil hour he had given her cause to say to him solemnly, "Richard, I will never marry any other man, I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall's lips"—her name was Mary Marshall—"will never address another word to you on earth. Go, Richard! Heaven forgive you!" This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him Private Richard Doubledick, with a determination to be shot. There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment; he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged. Now the captain of Richard



Doubledick's company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes,—what are called laughing eyes generally, and, when serious, rather steady than severe,—but they were the only eyes now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of everything else and everybody else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street like any other officer. He was reproached and confused,—troubled by the mere possibility of the captain's looking at him. In his worst moments, he would rather turn back, and go any distance out of his way, than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes. One day when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the Black hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the Captain; but he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace over-looking the parade-ground, where the officer's quarters were, twisting and breaking in his hands, as he went along, a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the Black hole.

“Come in!” cried the Captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark, bright eyes. There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was

gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "do you know where you are going to?"

"To the Devil, sir?" faltered Doubledick.

"Yes," returned the Captain. "And very fast."

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the Black hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "since I entered his majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain's breakfast table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

"I am only a common soldier, sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

"You are a man," returned the Captain, with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be, I leave you to consider, knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, sir," said Private Richard Doubledick, "and then the regiment and the world together will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace-jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

"I would rather," said the young Captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, sir."

"If your praises," returned the Captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived to say, with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

"Spare me, sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know; but not — Spare me, sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend—" began the Captain.

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged a little longer, and you know what must happen. I know even better than you can imagine, that, after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, sir," in a low, shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to

be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

"I will! I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark, bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany, where not? Napoleon Bonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it—no, nor in the whole line, than Corporal Richard Doubledick. In eighteen hundred and one, the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that wherever Captain Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found, while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick. Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way single-handed through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment, which had been seized from the hand of a poor

boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres,—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colors he had won; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks. Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest of men,—for the fame of following the old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts,—this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular war, up to the investment of Badajos in eighteen hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valor; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend, that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick, who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow. One day, at Badajos,—not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way,—the two officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry, who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men,—a courageous, handsome, gallant officer of five-and-thirty, whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped. It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had, on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform

was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying."

"For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him and passing his arm around his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton! For God's sake!"

The bright, dark eyes—so very, very dark now, in the pale face—smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment towards his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and, gently turning his face over on the supporting arm as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul. No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field, and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life,—one, to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our troops; and it was that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

## THE BLACK REGIMENT.

PORT HUDSON, *May 27, 1863.*

Dark as the clouds of even,  
Ranked in the western heaven,  
Waiting the breath that lifts  
All the dread mass, and drifts  
Tempest and falling brand  
Over a ruined land ;—  
So still and orderly,  
Arm to arm, knee to knee,  
Waiting the great event  
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line  
Teeth gleam and eye-balls shine ;  
And the bright bayonet,  
Bristling, and firmly set,  
Flashed with a purpose grand,  
Long ere the sharp command  
Of the fierce rolling drum  
Told them their time had come —  
Told them what work was sent  
For the black regiment.

“ Now,” the flag-sergeant cried,  
“ Though death and hell betide,  
Let the whole nation see  
If we are fit to be free  
In this land ; or bound  
Down like the whining hound,—  
Bound with red stripes of pain  
In our cold chains again !”  
Oh ! what a shout there went  
From the black regiment !



“Charge!” Trump and drum awoke ;  
Onward the bondmen broke :  
Bayonet and sabre stroke  
Vainly opposed their rush,  
Through the wild battle’s crush,  
With but one thought aflush,  
Driving their lords like chaff,  
In the gun’s mouths they laugh ;  
Or at the slippery brands  
Leaping with open hands,  
Down they tear man and horse,  
Down in their awful course ;  
Trampling with bloody heel  
Over the crashing steel,—  
All their eyes forward bent,  
Rushed the black regiment.

“Freedom !” their battle-cry,—  
“Freedom ! or leave to die !”  
Ah ! and they meant the word,  
Not as with us ’tis heard,  
Not a mere party shout :  
They gave their spirits out ;  
Trusted the end to God,  
And on the gory sod  
Rolled in triumphant blood,  
Glad to strike one free blow,  
Whether for weal or woe ;  
Glad to breathe one free breath,  
Though on the lips of death.  
Praying—alas ! in vain !—  
That they might fall again,  
So they could once more see  
That burst to liberty !  
This was what freedom lent  
To the black regiment.



Hundreds on hundreds fell ;  
But they are resting well ;  
Scourges and shackles strong  
Never shall do them wrong.  
Oh, to the living few,  
Soldiers, be just and true !  
Hail them as comrades tried ;  
Fight with them side by side ;  
Never in field or tent,  
Scorn the black regiment.—*George H. Boker.*

---

### THE TELL TALE HEART.

TRUE!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so, by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye for ever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen

know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night, had I *felt* the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of

triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—"Who's there."

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the mean time I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed, listening;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a

cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions: but he found all in vain. *All in vain*; because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew *that* sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I

am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. As length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even *his*—could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart,—for what had I

*now* to fear? 'There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused: information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled,—for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct:—it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale;—but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a *low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent

gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—*louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they *knew!*—they were making a mockery of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again! hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!*—

“Villians!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed.—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!”—*E. A. Poe.*

---

### DRUNKARDS NOT ALL BRUTES.

I said when I began, that I was a trophy of this movement, and therefore the principal part of my work has been (not ignoring other parts,) in behalf of those who have suffered as I have suffered. You know there is a great deal said about the reckless victims of this foe being “brutes.” No, they are not brutes. I have labored for about eighteen years among them, and I never have found a brute. I have had men swear at me; I have had a man dance around me as if possessed of a devil, and spit his foam in my face; but he is not a



brute. I think it is Charles Dickens who says: "Away up a great many pair of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, and on that door is written, "woman." And so in the heart of the vile outcast, away up a great many pair of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door on which is written "man." Here is our business to find that door. It may take time; but begin and knock. Don't get tired; but remember God's long suffering for us and keep knocking a long time if need be. Don't get weary if there is no answer; remember him whose locks were wet with dew. Knock on — just try it — *you* try it; and just so sure as you do, just so sure, by and by, will the quivering lip and starting tear tell you have knocked at the heart of a man and not of a brute. It is because these poor wretches *are* men, and not brutes that we have hopes of them. They said "he is a brute — let him alone." I took him home with me and kept the "brute" fourteen days and nights, through his delirium; and he nearly frightened Mary out of her wits, once, chasing her about the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his. He said to me, "You wouldn't think I had a wife and child?" "Well, I shouldn't." "I have, and — God bless her little heart — my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped," said the "brute." I asked, "where do they live?" "They live two miles away from here." "When did you see them last?" "About two years ago." Then he told me his story. I said, "you must go back to your home again." "I mustn't go back — I won't — my wife is better without me than with me! I will not go back any more; I have knocked her and kicked her and abused her; do you suppose I will go back again?" I went to the house with him; I knocked at the door and his wife opened it. "Is this Mrs. Richardson?" "Yes,



sir." "Well, that is Mr. Richardson. And Mr. Richardson, that is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house."

They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room and the "brute" on the other. I waited to see who would speak first ; and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal. She pulled her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it down again. Then she folded it up closely, and jerked it out through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again ; and then she looked all about the room and said, "Well, William?" And the "brute" said, "Well, Mary?" He had a large handkerchief round his neck, and she said, "You had better take the handkerchief off, William ; you'll need it when you go out." He began to fumble about it. The knot was large enough ; he could have untied it if he liked ; but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?" and she worked away at it ; but *her* fingers were clumsy, and she couldn't get it off ; their eyes met, and the lovelight was not all quenched ; she opened her arms gently and he fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder first at one and then at the other, you would have said "It is not a brute ; it is a man, with a great, big, warm heart in his breast."—*John B. Gough.*

---

### THE YOUNG GRAY HEAD.

I'm thinking that to-night, if not before,  
There'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton roar ?  
It's brewing up, down westward ; and look there !  
One of those sea gulls ! ay, there goes a pair !  
And such a sudden thaw ! If rain comes on,

As threats, the waters will be out anon.  
That path by the ford is a nasty bit of way :  
Best let the young ones bide from school to-day.

The children join in this request ; but the mother resolves that they shall set out—the two girls, Lizzie and Jenny, the one five, the other seven. As the dame's will was law, so —

One last fond kiss —  
“God bless my little maids,” the father said,  
And cheerily went his way to win their bread.

Prepared for their journey they depart, with the mother's admonition to the elder —

“Now, mind and bring  
Jenny safe home,” the mother said. “Don't stay  
To pull a bough or berry by the way ;  
And when you come to cross the ford, hold fast  
Your little sister's hand till your quite past ;  
That plank is so crazy and so slippery,  
If not overflowed, the stepping-stones will be :  
But you're good children—steady as old folk,  
I'd trust ye anywhere.” Then Lizzie's cloak  
(A good gray duffle) lovingly she tied,  
And amply little Jenny's lack supplied  
With her own warmest shawl. “Be sure,” said she,  
“To wrap it round and knot it carefully,  
(Like this) when you come home—just leaving free  
One hand to hold by. Now, make haste away —  
Good will to school, and then good right to play.”

The mother watches them with foreboding, though she knows not why. In a little while the threatened storm sets in. Night comes, and with it comes the father from his daily toil. There's a treasure hidden in his hat —

A plaything for his young ones, he has found  
A dormouse nest ; the living ball coil'd round  
For its long winter sleep ; all his thought,  
As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of naught  
But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,  
And graver Lizzie's quieter surprise,  
When he should yield, by guess, and kiss, and prayer,  
Hard won the frozen captive to their care.

No little faces greet him as wont at the threshold ; and  
to his hurried question —

“Are they come ?”—t'was “No.”  
To throw his tools down, hastily unhook  
The old crack'd lantern from its dusty nook,  
And, while he lit it, speak a cheering word,  
That almost choked him and was scarcely heard,  
Was but a moment's act, and he was gone  
To where a fearful foresight led him on.

A neighbor goes with him, and the faithful dog follows  
the children's tracks.

“Hold the light  
Low down : he's making for the water. Hark !  
I know that whine ; the old dog's found them, Mark !  
So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on  
Toward the old crazy foot-bridge. It was gone !  
And all his dull, contracted light could show  
Was the black void, and dark, swollen stream below ;  
“Yet there's life somewhere—more than Tinker's,  
whine—

That's sure,” said Mark. “So, let the lantern shine  
Down yonder. There's the dog—and hark !”

“O dear !”

And a low sob come faintly on the ear,  
Mocked by the sobbing gust. Down, quick as thought

Into the stream leaped Ambrose, where he caught  
Fast hold of something,—a dark, huddled heap,—  
Half in the water where 'twas scarce knee deep  
For a tall man, and half above it, propped  
By some old ragged side-piles that had stop't  
Endways the broken plank when it gave way  
With the two little ones, that luckless day !

“My babes ! my lambkins !” was the father's cry.

*One little voice* made answer, “Here am I.”

'Twas Lizzy's. There she crouched, with face as white,  
More ghastly, by the flickering lantern light,  
Than sheeted corpse. The pale, blue lips drawn tight,  
Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,  
And eyes on some dark object underneath,  
Washed by the turbid waters, fix'd like stone —  
One arm and hand stretched out and rigid grown,  
Grasping, as in the death-gripe, Jenny's frock.  
There she lay, drown'd.

They lifted her from out her watery bed ;—  
Its covering gone, the lovely little head  
Hung like a broken snow-drop, all aside,  
And one small hand. The mother's shawl was tied,  
Leaving that free, about the child's small form,  
As was her last injunction — “fast and warm.”  
Too well obeyed — too fast ! A fatal hold  
Affording to the scrag, by a thick fold  
That caught and pinned her to the river's bed ;  
While, through the wreckless water overhead,  
Her life breath bubbled up.

“She might have lived,  
Struggling like Lizzy,” was the thought that rived  
The wretched mother's heart when she heard all,  
“But for my foolishness about that shawl.”

“Who says I forgot ?

Mother ! indeed, indeed I kept fast hold,

And tied the shawl quit close — she  
Can't be cold —  
But she won't move — we slept — I don't know how —  
But I held on, and I'm so weary now —  
And its so dark and cold ! Oh dear ! oh dear !  
And she won't move — if father were but here !"  
All night long from side to side she turned,  
Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,  
With now and then the murmur, "She won't move."  
And lo ! when morning, as in mockery bright  
Shone on that pillow — passing strange the sight,  
The young head's raven hair was streaked with white !

*Mrs. Southey.*

---

### BOUND TO HAVE IT.

A Philadelphia book agent importuned James Watson, a rich and close New York man, living out at Elizabeth, until he bought a book—the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then taking it under his arm, he started for the train which takes him to his New York office.

Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbors. The book agent saw her, and went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy of the same book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back from New York at night, Mrs. Watson showed him the book.

"I don't want to see it," said Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why, husband?" asked his wife.

"Because that rascally book agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the same book—two copies of the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and——"

"But, husband, we can——"

"No we can't, either," interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I——"

"Why, there he goes to the depot, now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent, who was making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and——"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Watson pounded on the window-pane, in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens," he shouted, "you're hitched up; won't you run your horse down to the train and hold that book agent till I come? Run! Catch 'im now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "all aboard."

"Book agent," he yelled, as the book agent stepped on to the train. "Book agent, hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book agent. "Oh, I know what he wants; he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back. How much is it?"

"Two dollars for the Early Christian Martyrs," said the book agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt-sleeves. As he saw the train pull out, he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens, "just got it, and that's all "

"Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book—'Early Christian Martyrs'——"

"By—the—great—guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hand to his brow, and swooned right in the middle of the street.

---

### R E S T.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired—

My soul oppressed;

And with desire have I long desired

Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,

In barren ways;

'Tis hard to sow, and never garner grain

In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,

But God knows best;

And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer—

For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap

The autumn yield;

'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep

O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,

So heart oppressed;

And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,

For rest—rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
And cares infest  
My path; and through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine for rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child I laid  
On mother's breast  
My wearied little head, e'en then I prayed,  
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,  
For, down the west,  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

*Father Ryan.*

---

### THE BENEDICTION.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes--and nine,  
That we took Saragossa. What a day  
Of untold horrors! I was Sergeant then,  
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,  
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look  
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.  
" 'Tis the priest's doing!" was the word passed round;  
So that although since daybreak under arms—  
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths  
Bitter with kissing cartridge ends—piff! paff!  
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,  
If shoveled hat and long black cloak were seen  
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street  
My company worked on. I kept an eye  
On every house-top, right and left, and saw  
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,



Coloring the sky, as from the chimney tops  
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,  
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,  
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers  
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound  
In such a dangerous defile not to leave  
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum beat,  
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;  
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows  
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,  
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French  
With cries for help. At double-quick we join  
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,  
A gallant company, but beaten back  
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square  
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks  
Defend it—black demons with shaved crowns,  
The cross in white embroider'd on their frocks,  
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons  
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished,  
Our men went down before them. By platoons  
Firing, we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered  
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul  
Being in us than in executioners.  
The foul deed done—deliberately done—  
And the thick smoke rolled away, we noted  
Under the huddled masses of the dead  
Rivulets of blood run trinkling down the steps;  
While in the background solemnly the church  
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.  
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred  
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense  
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,  
Turning to the altar as though unconcerned

In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,  
 White-haired and tall of stature, to a close  
 Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped  
 Upon my memory is that thrilling scene  
 That, as I speak, it comes before me now—  
 The convent built in old time by the Moors;  
 The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun  
 Making the red blood on the pavement steam;  
 And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;  
 And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;  
 And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,  
 Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days  
 Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record  
 That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,  
 A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe  
 At a wax candle burning on the altar.  
 This time, however, I was awed—so blanched  
 Was that old man!

“Shoot him!” our Captain cried.  
 Not a soul budged. The priest, beyond all doubt,  
 Heard; but as though he heard not. Turning round,  
 He faced us, with the elevated Host,  
 Having that period of the service reached  
 When on the faithful benediction falls.  
 His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;  
 And as he raised the pyx, and in the air  
 With it described the Cross, each man of us  
 Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling  
 Than if before him the devout were ranged.  
 But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,  
 The words came to us

*Vos benedicat*

*Deus Omnipotens!*

The Captain's order

Rang out again sharply, "Shoot him down,  
Or I shall swear!" Then one of us, a dastard,  
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,  
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look  
Set upwards, and indomitably stern  
*Pater et Filius!*

Came the words. What frenzy—

What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks  
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk with one hand on the altar's ledge  
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete  
His benediction, in the other raised  
The consecrated host. For the third time  
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,  
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,  
But in the general hush distinctly heard,  
*Et Sanctus Spiritus!*

He said; and, ending

His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx

Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,  
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,  
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight  
Of such a shameless murder and at sight  
Of such a martyr, with a chuckling laugh,  
*Amen!*

Drawled out a drummer boy.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## YOU PUT NO FLOWERS ON MY PAPA'S GRAVE.

With sable-draped banners, and slow measured tread,  
The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead ;  
And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,  
Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.

Ended at last is the labor of love ;  
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move --  
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,  
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief ;  
Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child  
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild :

" Oh ! sir, he was good, and they say he died brave --  
Why ! why ! did you pass by my dear papa's grave ?  
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true  
As ever marched into the battle with you --  
His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,  
You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not !  
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there,  
And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.  
He didn't die lowly -- he poured his heart's blood,  
In rich crimson streams from the top-crowning sod  
Of the breastworks which stood in front of the fight --  
And died shouting ' Onward ! for God and the right !'  
O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,  
But you haven't put *one* on *my* papa's grave.  
If mamma were here -- but she lies by his side,  
Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died."

" Battalion ! file left ! countermarch !" cried the chief."  
" This young orphan'd maid hath full cause for her grief."  
Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,  
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate  
The long line repasses, and many an eye  
Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.

"This way, it is—here, sir—right under this tree ;  
They lie close together, with just room for me."

"Halt ! Cover with roses each lowly green mound --  
A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground."

"Oh ! thank you, kind sir ! I ne'er can repay  
The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day ;  
But I'll pray for you here, each day while I live,  
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.  
I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma, too --  
I dreamed so last night and I know 'twill come true ;  
And they will both bless you, I know, when I say  
How you folded your arms round their dear one to-day--  
How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it to rest,  
And hushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble breast ;  
And when the kind angels shall call *you* to come,  
We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,  
Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,  
And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave."

*C. E. L. Holmes.*

---

### PATRIOTISM.

Bereft of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid ; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul ; society will degenerate, and the mean and vicious triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not *dead*. It still lives to console, to *sanctify* humanity. It has its altar in every clime -- its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wal-

lace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate-Hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument, full of glorious meaning, to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

By the soft, blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied cantons. From the prows hang the banners of the republic, and, as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their old poetic land. Then bursts forth the glad *Te Deum*, and Heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains which, five centuries since, pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

At Innspruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol, who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive day all through this quiet, noble land. In that old cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar—his image appears in every house—his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people—and when the sun goes down, a chain of fires, in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the chief, whose blood has made his native land a sainted spot in Europe. Shall not all join in this glorious worship? Shall not all have the faith, the duties, the festivities of patriotism?—*T. F. Meagher.*

## EXAMPLES FOR IRELAND.

Other nations, with abilities far less eminent than those which you possess, having great difficulties to encounter, have obeyed with heroism the commandment from which you have swerved, maintaining that noble order of existence, through which even the poorest state becomes an instructive chapter in the great history of the world.

Shame upon you ! Switzerland — without a colony, without a gun upon the seas, without a helping hand from any court in Europe — has held for centuries her footing on the Alps — spite of the avalanche, has bid her little territory sustain, in peace and plenty, the children to whom she has given birth — has trained those children up in the arts that contribute most to the security, the joy, the dignity of life — has taught them to depend upon themselves, and for their fortune to be thankful to no officious stranger — and, though a blood-red cloud is breaking over one of her brightest lakes, whatever plague it may portend, be assured of this — the cap of foreign despotism will never again gleam in the market-place of Altorff !

Shame upon you ! Norway — with her scanty population, scarce a million strong — has kept her flag upon the Cattegat — has reared a race of gallant soldiers to guard her frozen soil — year after year has nursed upon that soil a harvest to which the Swede can lay no claim — has saved her ancient laws — and to the spirit of her frank and hardy sons commits the freedom which she rescued from the allied swords, when they hacked her crown at Frederickstadt !

Shame upon you ! Greece — “whom Goth, nor Turk, nor Time hath spared not” — has flung the crescent from the Acropolis — has crowned a King in Athens whom she



calls her own — has taught you that a nation should never die — that not for an idle pageant has the blood of heroes flowed — that not to vex a school-boy's brain, nor smoulder in a heap of learned dust, has the fire of heaven issued from the tribune's tongue !

Shame upon you ! Holland — with the ocean as her foe — from the swamp in which you would have sunk your graves, has bid the palace, and the warehouse costlier than the palace, rear their ponderous shapes above the waves that battle at their base — has outstripped the merchant of the Rialto — has threatened England in the Thames — has swept the channel with her broom — and, though for a day she reeled before the bayonets of Dumouriez, she sprang to her feet again and struck the tri-color from her dykes !

And you — you, who are eight millions strong — you, who boast at every meeting that this island is the finest which the sun looks down upon — you, who have no threatening sea to stem, no avalanche to dread — you, who say that you could shield along your coast a thousand sail, and be the princes of a mighty commerce — you, who by the magic of an honest hand, beneath each summer sky, might cull a plenteous harvest from your soil, and with your sickle strike away the scythe of death — you, who have no vulgar history to read — you, who can trace, from field to field, the evidences of civilization older than the Conquest — the relics of a religion far more ancient than the Gospel — you, who have thus been blessed, thus been gifted, thus been prompted to what is wise and generous and great — you will make no effort — you will whine, and beg, and skulk, in sores and rags, upon this favored land — you will congregate in drowsy councils, and then, when the very earth is loosening beneath your feet, you will bid a prosperous voyage to your last grain of corn — you will be beggared by the million — you will per-



ish by the thousand, and the finest island which the sun looks down upon, amid the jeers and hootings of the world, will blacken into a plague-spot, a wilderness, a sepulchre.—*T. F. Meagher.*

---

### McLAINE'S CHILD.

“McLaine ! you’ve scourged me like a hound ;—  
You should have struck me to the ground ;  
You should have played a chieftain’s part ;  
You should have stabbed me to the heart.

“You should have crushed me unto death ;—  
But here I swear with living breath,  
That for this wrong which you have done,  
I’ll wreak my vengeance on your son,—

“On him, and you, and all your race !”  
He said, and bounding from his place,  
He seized the child with sudden hold —  
A smiling infant, three years old —

And starting like a hunted stag,  
He scaled the rock, he clomb the crag,  
And reached, o’er many a wide abyss,  
The beetling seaward precipice ;

And leaning o’er its topmost ledge,  
He held the infant o’er the edge :—  
“In vain the wrath, thy sorrow vain ;  
No hand shall save it, proud McLaine !”

With flashing eye and burning brow,  
The mother followed, heedless how,  
O’er crags with mosses overgrown,  
And stair-like juts of slippery stone.

But midway up the rugged steep,  
She found a chasm she could not leap,  
And kneeling on its brink, she raised  
Her supplicating hands and gazed.

“O, spare my child, my joy, my pride !  
O, give me back my child !” she cried :  
“My child ! my child !” with sobs and tears,  
She shrieked upon his callous ears.

“Come, Evan,” said the trembling chief,—  
His bosom wrung with pride and grief,—  
“Restore the boy, give back my son,  
And I’ll forgive the wrong you’ve done.”

“I scorn forgiveness, haughty man !  
You’ve injured me before the clan ;  
And nought but blood shall wipe away  
The shame I have endured to-day.”

And as he spoke he raised the child,  
To dash it ’mid the breakers wild,  
But, at the mother’s piercing cry,  
Drew back a step, and made reply :—

“Fair lady, if your lord will strip,  
And let a clansman wield the whip,  
Till skin shall flay, and blood shall run,  
I’ll give you back your little son.”

The lady’s cheek grew pale with ire,  
The chieftain’s eyes flashed sudden fire ;  
He drew a pistol from his breast,  
Took aim,—then dropped it, sore distressed.

“I might have slain my babe instead.  
Come, Evan, come,” the father said,  
And through his heart a tremor ran ;  
“We’ll fight our quarrel man to man.”

“Wrong unavenged I’ve never borne,”  
Said Evan, speaking loud in scorn ;  
“You’ve heard my answer, proud McLaine :  
I will not fight you,—think again.”

The lady stood in mute despair,  
With freezing blood and stiffening hair ;  
She moved no limb, she spoke no word ;—  
She could but look upon her lord.

He saw the quivering of her eye,  
Pale lips and speechless agony,—  
And, doing battle with his pride,  
“Give back the boy,—I yield,” he cried.

A storm of passions shook his mind —  
Anger and shame and love combined ;  
But love prevailed, and bending low,  
He bared his shoulders to the blow.

“I smite you,” said the clansman true ;  
“Forgive me, chief, the deed I do !  
For by yon Heaven that hears me speak,  
My dirk in Evan’s heart shall reek !”

But Evan’s face beamed hate and joy ;  
Close to his breast he hugged the boy :  
“Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,  
And mine, Lochbuy, shall be complete.”

Ere hand could stir, with sudden shock,  
He threw the infant o’er the rock,  
Then followed, with a desperate leap,  
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.

They found their bodies in the tide ;  
And never till the day she died  
Was that sad mother known to smile—  
The Niobe of Mulla’s isle.

They dragged false Evan from the sea,  
And hanged him on a gallows tree ;  
And ravens fattened on his brain,  
To sate the vengeance of McLaine.

*Charles Mackay.*

---

### THE PORTRAIT

Midnight past! Not a sound of aught  
Through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers;  
I sat by the dying fire, and thought  
Of the dear dead woman up stairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain  
Had ceased, but the eves were dripping yet;  
And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,  
With her face all white and wet.

Nobody with me my watch to keep  
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love :  
And grief had sent him fast to sleep  
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place  
All round, that knew of my loss beside,  
But the good young priest with the Raphael-face,  
Who confessed her when she died.

That good young priest is of gentle nerve,  
And my grief had moved him beyond control,  
For his lips grew white as I could observe,  
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone ;  
I thought of the pleasant days of yore ;  
I said, " The staff of my life is gone,  
The woman I loved is no more.

On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,  
Which next to her heart she used to wear —  
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes  
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all around with rubies red,  
And pearls which a Peri might have kept ;  
For each ruby there my heart hath bled,  
For each pearl my eyes hath wept."

And I said "The thing is precious to me ;  
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay ;  
It lies on her heart and lost must be  
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,  
And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,  
Till into the chamber of death I came,  
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding sheet ;  
There stark she lay on her carven bed ;  
Seven burning tapers about her feet,  
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand I held my breath ;  
I turned as I drew the curtains apart :  
I dared not look on the face of death :  
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first as my touch fell there  
It had warmed that heart to life, with love ;  
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,  
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man that was moving slow  
O'er the heart of the dead—from the other side,—  
And at once the sweat broke over my brow,  
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the tapers' light,  
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,  
Stood over the corpse and all as white,  
And neither of us moved.

'What do you here my friend?' The man  
Looked first at me, and then at the dead.  
'There is a portrait here,' he began :  
'There is. It is mine,' I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, 'Yours no doubt  
The portrait was, till a month ago,  
When this suffering angel took that out,  
And placed mine there, I know.'

'This woman, she loved me well,' said I.  
'A month *ago*,' said my friend to me:  
'And in your throat,' I groaned, 'you lie!'  
He answered, 'Let us see.'

'Enough! let the dead decide ;  
And whosoever the portrait prove,  
His shall it be when the cause is tried,—  
Where death is arraigned by love.'

We found the portrait there in its place,  
We opened it by the tapers' shine,  
The gems were all unchanged ; the face  
Was — neither his nor mine.

'One nail drives out another, at last !  
The face of the portrait there,' I cried,  
'Is our friend's the Raphael-faced young priest  
Who confessed her when she died.'

The setting is all of rubies red,  
And pearls which a Peri might have kept,—  
For each ruby she my heart hath bled,  
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

*Owen Meredith.*

## THE DEACON'S STORY.

The solmn old bells in the steeple  
Are ringin'. I guess you know why,  
No? Well, then, I'll tell you, though mostly  
It's whispered about on the sly.  
Some six weeks ago, a church meetin'  
Was called—for—nobody knew what;  
But we went, and the parson was present,  
And I don't know who or who not.

Some twenty odd members, I calc'late,  
Which mostly was women, of course;  
Though I don't mean to say ought ag'in 'em;  
I've seen many gatherin's worse.  
There, in the front row, sat the deacons,  
The eldest was old Deacon Pryor—  
A man countin' fourscore-and-seven,  
And gin'rally full of his ire.

Beside him, his wife, countin' fourscore,  
A kind-hearted, motherly soul;  
And next to her young Deacon Hartley,  
A good Christian man on the whole.  
Miss Parsons, a spinster of fifty,  
And long ago laid on the shelf,  
Had wedged herself next; and beside her,  
Was Deacon Monroe—that's myself.

The meetin' was soon called to order,  
The parson looked glum as a text;  
We gazed at each other in silence,  
And silently wondered "What next!"  
Then slowly uprose Deacon Hartley;  
His voice seemed to tremble with fear  
As he said: "Boy and man you have known me,  
My good friends, for nigh forty year.

“And you scarce may expect a confession  
Of error from me; but—you know,  
My dearly loved wife died last Christmas,  
It’s now nearly ten months ago.  
The winter went by long and lonely,  
The spring hurried forward a-pace;  
The farm-work came on, and I needed  
A woman about the old place.

“The children were wilder than rabbits,  
And still growing worse every day;  
No help to be found in the village,  
Although I was willin’ to pay.  
In fact I was nigh ’bout discouraged,  
For everything looked so forlorn;  
When good little Patience McAlpine  
Skipped into our kitchen, one morn.

She had only run in of an errand;  
But she laughed at our miserable plight,  
And set to work, jist like a woman,  
A putting the whole place to right.  
And though her own folks were so busy,  
And illy her helpin’ could spare,  
She flit in and out like a sparrow,  
And most every day she was there.

“So the Summer went by sort o’ cheerful,  
And one night my baby, my Joe,  
Seemed feverish and fretful, and woke me  
By crying at midnight, you know.  
I was tired with my day’s work and sleepy,  
And couldn’t no way keep him still;  
So, at last I grew angry, and spanked him,  
And then he screamed out with a will.



“Just about then I heard a soft rapping,  
Away at the half-open door;  
And then little Patience McAlpine  
Walked shyly across the white floor.  
Says she: ‘I thought Josey was cryin’,  
I guess I’d best take him away.  
I knew you’d be gittin’ up early  
To go to the marshes for hay,  
So I stayed here to-night to get breakfast;  
I guess he’ll be quiet with me.  
Come, Josey, kiss papa, and tell him  
What a nice little man you will be!’  
She was stooping low over the pillow,  
And saw the big tears on his cheek;  
Her face was so close to my whiskers,  
I darsn’t move, scarcely, or speak;  
Her hands were both holdin’ the baby,  
Her eye by his shoulder was hid;  
But her mouth was so near and so rosy,  
I—kissed her. That’s just what I did.”

Then down sat the tremblin’ sinner,  
The sisters, they murmured of “shame,”  
And “she shouldn’t oughter a let him,  
No doubt she was mostly to blame.”  
When straightway uprose Deacon Pryor,  
“Now bretherin *and* sisters,” he said,  
(We knowed then that suthin’ was comin’,  
And all sot as still as the dead),  
You’ve heard brother Hartley’s confession,  
And I speak for myself when I say,  
That if my wife was dead, and my children  
Were all growin’ worse every day;  
And if my house needed attention,  
And Patience McAlpine had come

And tidied the cluttered up kitchen,  
And made the place seem more like home;  
And if I was worn out and sleepy,  
And my baby wouldn't lie still,  
But fretted and woke me at midnight,  
As babies, we know, sometimes will;  
And if Patience came in to hush him,  
And 'twas all as our good brother sez—  
I think, friends—I think I should kiss her,  
And 'bide by the consequences;'

Then down sat the elderly deacon,  
The younger one lifted his face,  
And a smile rippled over the meetin'  
Like light in a shadowy place.  
Perhaps, then, the matronly sisters  
Remembered their far-away youth,  
Or the daughters at home by their firesides  
Shrined each in her shy, modest truth;  
For their judgement grew gentle and kindly,  
And—well—as I started to say,  
The solemn old bells in the steeple  
Are ringin' a bridal to-day.

*N. S. Emerson.*

---

### ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

The first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging away  
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling, as  
much as to say :  
“Come, master, awake, attend to the switch, lives now  
depend upon you,  
Think of the souls in the coming train, and the graves  
you are sending them to.

Think of the mother and the babe at her breast, think of  
the father and son,  
Think of the lover and loved one too, think of them  
doomed every one  
To fall (as it were by your very hand) into yon fathom-  
less ditch,  
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm,  
who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed -- scare knew where I stood, sleep  
had o'ermastered me so ;  
I could hear the wind hollowly howling, and the deep  
river dashing below,  
I could hear the forest leaves rustling, as the trees by the  
tempest were fanned,  
But what was that noise in the distance ? That I could  
not understand.  
I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some  
muffled drum,  
Then nearer and nearer it came to me, till it made my  
very ears hum ;  
What is this light that surrounds me and seems to set  
fire to my brain ?  
What whistle's that, yelling so shrill ? Ah ! I know now ;  
it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take  
root to the place ;  
So I stood -- with this demon before me, its heated  
breath scorching my face ;  
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like  
the eyes of some witch, --  
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the  
switch.

I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast  
down the track ;  
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed hold-  
ing it back ;  
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my  
face like a flash ;  
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew  
nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious 'twas impossible for  
me to tell ;  
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a  
hell,—  
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of  
husband and wives,  
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I  
must account for their lives ;  
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes glaring  
madly and wild ;  
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief  
like a child ;  
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me they  
sped,  
And lips that could form naught but “Mamma,” were  
calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a moment, the river should  
hide me away,  
When, under the still burning rafters I suddenly noticed  
there lay  
A little white hand : she who owned it was doubtless an  
object of love  
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, tho' she  
guarded him now from above ;  
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one  
side ;

How little she thought of her journey when she left for  
this dark fatal ride !

I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching  
for some spark of life,  
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized  
— Maggie, my wife !

O Lord ! thy scourge is a hard one, at a blow thou hast  
shattered my pride ;

My life will be one endless nightmare, with Maggie  
away from my side.

How often I'd sat down and pictured the scenes in our  
long, happy life ;

How I'd strive through all my life time, to build up a  
home for my wife ;

How people would envy us always in our cozy and neat  
little nest ;

How I should do all of the labor and Maggie should all  
the day rest ;

How one of God's blessings might cheer us, how some  
day I p'raps should be rich ;—

But all of my dreams have been shattered, while I laid  
there asleep at the switch !

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I could  
see ;

And every eye in the court room was steadily fixed upon  
me ;

And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face  
blushing blood-red,

And the next thing I heard were the words, " Hanged by  
the neck until dead."

Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand  
caught tight hold of a dress,

And I heard, " What's the matter, dear Jim? You've  
had a bad nightmare, I guess !"

And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from  
the ditch.

I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been  
"Asleep at the switch."

*George Hoey.*

---

### PHAIDRICK CROHOORE.

Oh! Phaidrick Crohoore was the broth of a boy, and he  
stood six feet eight;

And his arm was as round as another man's thigh--'tis  
Phaidrick was great:

And his hair was as black as the shadows of night,  
And hung over the scars left by many a fight;

And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong and  
loud,

And his eye like the lightnin' from under the cloud.

And all the girls liked him, for he could speak civil

And sweet when he chose it,—for he was a divil.

An' there wasn't a girl, from thirty-five under,  
Niver a matter how cross, but he could come 'round her,  
But of all the sweet girls that smiled on him, but one  
Was the girl of his heart, an' he loved her alone.

An' warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure  
Was the love of the heart of Phaidrick Crohoore;  
An' he'd die for one smile from his Kathleen O'Brien,  
For his love, like his hatred, was strong as a lion.

But Michael O'Hanlon loved Kathleen as well  
As he hated Crohoore,—deep as old ocean's swell!  
But O'Brien liked Hanlon, for they were the same parties,  
The O'Briens, O'Hanlons, an' Murphys, an' Carthys—

An' they all went together an' hated Crohoore,  
For it's many's the batin' he gave them before:  
An' O'Hanlon made up to O'Brien, an' says he,  
"I'll marry your daughter, if you'll give her to me."

An' the match was made up, an' Shrovetide came on,  
The company assimbled, three hundred if one—  
There was all the O'Hanlons and Murphys and Carthys  
An' the young boys an' girls av all o' them parties.

An' the O'Briens, av coorse, gathered strong on that day,  
An' the pipers an' fiddlers were tearin' away;  
There was roarin', an' jumpin', an' jiggin' an' flingin',  
An' jokin', an' blessin', an' kissin', an' singin'.

An' they all were a-laughin'—why not, to be sure?  
How O'Hanlon came inside of Phaidrick Crohoore!  
An' they all talked and laughed the length of the table,  
Aitin' an' drinkin' the while they were able;

An' with pipin', an' fiddlin' an' roarin' like thunder,  
Your head you'd think fairly was splittin' asunder.  
And the priest called out—"Silence, ye blackguards  
agin!"

An' he took up his prayer-book, just goin' to begin.

And they all held their tongues from their funnin' and  
bawlin';

So silent you'd notice the smallest pin fallin'!  
And the priest just beginin' to read—when the door  
Sprung back to the wall, and in walked Crohoore.

Oh! Phaidrick Crohoore was the broth of a boy, and he  
stood six feet eight,

An' his arm was as round as another man's thigh—'tis  
Phaidrick was great!

An' he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye,  
As a black cloud moves on through the stars of the sky.

An' none strove to stop him, for Phaidrick was great,  
Till he stood all alone, just opposite the sate  
Where O'Hanlon and Kathleen, his beautiful bride,  
Were sittin' so illigant out side by side.

An' he gave her one look that her heart almost broke,  
An' he turned to O'Brien, her father, and spoke;  
An' his voice, like the thunder, was deep, sthrong an' loud,  
An' his eyes shown like lightnin' from under the cloud:

"I didn't come here like a tame crawlin' mouse,  
But I stand like a man in my inimy's house;  
In the field, on the road, Phaidrick never knew fear  
Of his foemen, an' God knows he'll not show it here.

"So lave me at aise for three minutes or four  
To spake to the girl I'll never see more."

An' to Kathleen he turned, and his voice changed its tone  
For he thought of the days when he called her his own.

An' his eye blazed like lightnin' from under the cloud  
On his false-hearted girl, reproachful and proud.  
An' says he, "Kathleen bawn, is it true what I hear,  
That you marry of free choice, without threat or fear?"

"If so, spake the word, and I'll turn and depart,  
Chated once, and once only, by woman's false heart."  
Oh! sorrow and love made the poor girl quite dumb,  
An' shetried hard to spake, but the words wouldn't come;  
For the sound of his voice, as he stood there fornint her,  
Wint cold on her heart as the night wind in winther;  
An' the tears in her blue eyes stood tremblin' to flow,  
An' pale was her cheek as the moonshine on snow.

Then the heart of bould Phaidrick swelled high in its place,  
For he knew by one look in that beautiful face,  
That the strangers an' foemen their pledged hands might  
sever,

Her true heart was his, and his only, forever!



An' he lifted his voice, like the eagle's hoarse call,  
An' says Phaidrick, "She's mine still, in spite of ye all!"  
Then up jumped O'Hanlon, an' a tall boy was he,  
An' he looked on bould Phaidrick as fierce as could be;

An' says he, "By the hokey, before ye go out,  
Bould Phaidrick Crohoore, you must fight for a bout."  
Then Phaidrick made answer, "I'll do my endeavor;"  
An' with one blow he stretched out bould Hanlon forever.

In his arms he took Kathleen an' stepped to the door,  
An' he leaped on his horse, and flung her before;  
An' they all were so bothered that not a man stirred,  
Till the gallopin' hoofs on the pavement was heard.

Then up they all started, like bees in the swarm,  
An' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm,  
An' they roared, an' they ran, an' they shouted galore;  
But Kathleen and Phaidrick they never saw more.

---

### AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the opera there;  
And she looked like a queen in a book that night.  
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,  
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,  
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;  
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,  
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;  
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,  
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,  
*Non ti scordar di me?*

The emperor there in his box of state,  
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen  
The red flag wave from the city gate,  
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye:  
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,  
For one moment, under the old blue sky,  
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat  
Together, my bride betrothed and I;  
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,  
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;—  
Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,  
With that regal, indolent air she had;  
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then  
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,  
Who died the richest and roundest of men,  
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,  
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;  
I wish him well for the jointure given  
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love  
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,  
Till over my eyes there began to move  
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,  
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,  
In that lost land, in that soft clime,  
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);  
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;  
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,  
And falling loose again;  
And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;  
(Oh the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)  
And the one bird singing alone in his nest;  
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,  
And the letter that brought me back my ring;  
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,  
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,  
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over:  
And I thought, "Were she only living still,  
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,  
And of how, after all, old things are best,  
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower  
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,  
It made me creep, and it made me cold!  
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet  
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked: she was sitting there,  
In a dim box over the stage; and drest  
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,  
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;  
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:—  
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair  
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast,  
And over her primrose face the shade,  
(In short, from the future back to the past,)  
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride  
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,  
I traversed the passage; and down at her side  
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,  
Or something that which will never be exprest,  
Had brought her back from the grave again,  
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!  
But she loves me now, and she loved me then;  
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,  
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,  
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;  
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass  
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,  
With her primrose face, for old things are best;  
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above  
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,  
And love must cling where it can, I say:  
For beauty is easy enough to win;  
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men,  
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,  
If only the dead could find out when  
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh the smell of that jasmine flower!  
And oh that music! and oh the way  
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,  
*Non ti scordar di me,*  
*Non ti scordar di me!*

*Robert Bulwer Lytton.*

---

### MONEY MUSK.

Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys —  
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys —  
As they stripped the husks with rustling fold  
From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,

By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls,  
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes  
In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,  
From the hermit glim set up within ;

By the rarer light in girlish eyes  
As dark as wells or as blue as skies.  
I hear the laugh when the ear is red,  
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,  
The cider cups that the girls have kissed.  
And I see the fiddler through the dusk  
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk !"

The boys and girls in a double row  
Wait face to face till the magic bow  
Shall whip the tune from the violin,  
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

In shirt of check, and tallowed hair,  
The fiddler sits in the bulrush chair  
Like Moses' basket stranded there  
    On the brink of Father Nile.  
He feels the fiddle's slender neck,  
Picks out the notes with thrum and check,  
And times the tune with nod and beck,  
    And thinks it a weary while.  
All ready ! Now he gives the call,  
Cries, "*Honor to the ladies!*" All  
The jolly tides of laughter fall  
    And ebb in a happy smile.

D-o-w-n comes the bow on every string,  
"*First couple join right hands and swing!*"  
As light as any blue-bird's wing  
    "*Swing once and a half times round!*"  
Whirls Mary Martin all in blue —  
Calico gown and stockings new,  
And tinted eyes that tell you true,  
    Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown,  
Who holds her hands to keep her down  
And thinks her hair a golden crown  
    And his heart turns over once !  
His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,  
It gives a second somerset !  
He means to win the maiden yet,  
    Alas, for the awkward dunce !

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe!"  
"I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe!"  
"You clumsy fellow!" "*Pass Below!*"  
    And the first pair dance apart.

Then "*Forward Six!*" advance, retreat,  
Like midges gay in sunbeam street  
'Tis Money Musk by merry feet  
And the Monkey Musk by heart !

"*Three quarters round your partner swing!*"  
"*Across the set!*" The rafters ring,  
The girls and boys have taken wing  
And have brought their roses out !  
'Tis "*Forward six!*" with rustic grace,  
Ah, rarer far than — "*Swing to place!*"  
Than golden clouds of old point-lace  
They bring the dance about.

Then clasping hands all — "*Right and left!*"  
All swiftly weave the measure deft  
Across the woof in loving weft  
And the Money Musk is done !  
Oh, dancers of the rustling husk,  
Good-night, sweethearts, 'tis growing dusk,  
Good-night for aye to Money Musk,  
For the heavy march begun !

— *Benj. F. Taylor.*

---

### TOM'S LITTLE STAR.

Sweet Mary, pledged to Tom, was fair  
And graceful, young and slim.  
Tom loved her truly, and one dare  
Be sworn that she loved him ;  
For, twisting bashfully the ring  
That sealed the happy fiat,  
She cooed: "When married in the spring,  
Dear Tom, let's live so quiet !

“ Lets have our pleasant little place,  
Our books, a friend or two ;  
No noise, no crowd, but just your face  
For me, and mine for you.  
Won't that be nice ? ” “ It is my own  
Idea,” said Tom, “ so chary,  
So deep and true, my love has grown,  
I worship you, my Mary.”

She was a tender, nestling thing,  
A girl that loved her home,  
A sort of dove with folded wing,  
A bird not made to roam,  
But gently rest her little claw  
(The simile to carry)  
Within a husband's stronger paw —  
The very girl to marry.

Their courtship was a summer sea,  
So smooth, so bright, so calm,  
Till one day Mary restlessly  
Endured Tom's circling arm,  
And looked as if she thought or planned,  
Her satin forehead wrinkled,  
She beat a tattoo on his hand,  
Her eyes were strange and twinkled.

She never heard Tom's fond remarks,  
His “sweety-tweety dear,”  
Or noticed once the little larks  
He played to make her hear.  
“What ails,” he begged, “my petsy pet?  
What ails my love, I wonder?”  
“Do not be trifling, Tom. I've met  
Professor Shakspeare Thunder.”



"Thunder!" said Tom ; "and who is he?"

"You goose! why, don't you know?"

"I don't. She never frowned at me,  
Or called me 'goose.' And though,"  
Thought Tom, "it may be playfulness,  
It racks my constitution."

"Why, Thunder teaches with success  
Dramatic elocution."

"Oh! Ah! Indeed! and what is that?  
My notion is but faint."

"It's art," said Mary, brisk and pat.

Tom thought that "art" meant *paint*.

"You blundering boy! why, art is just  
What makes one stare and wonder.

To understand *high* art you must  
Hear Shakspeare read by Thunder."

Tom started at the turn of phrase ;  
It sounded like a swear.

Then Mary said, to his amaze,  
With nasal groan and glare,

"To be or-r—not to be?" And fain  
To act discreet yet gallant,

He asked, "Dear, have you any—pain?"

"Oh, no, Tom ; I have *talent*."

"Professor Thunder told me so ;

He sees it in my eye ;

He says my tones and gestures show  
My destiny is high."

Said Tom, for Mary's health afraid,  
His ignorance revealing,

"Is talent, dear, that noise you made?"

"Why, no ; that's Hamlet's feeling."

"He must have felt most dreadful bad."

"The character is mystic,"

Mary explained, "and very sad,

And very high artistic.

And you are not ; you're commonplace ;

These things are far above you."

"I'm only," spoke Tom's honest face,

"Artist enough — to love you."

From that time forth was Mary changed ;

Her eyes stretched open wide ;

Her smooth fair hair in *friz* arranged,

And parted on the side.

More and more strange she grew, and quite

Incapable of taking

The slightest notice how each night

She set Tom's poor heart aching.

As once he left her at the door,

"A thousand times good-night,"

Sighed Mary, sweet as ne'er before.

Poor Tom revived, looked bright.

"Mary," he said, "you love me so ?

We have not grown asunder ?"

"Do not be silly, Tom ; you know

I'm studying with Thunder.

"That's from the famous Juliet scene.

I'll do another bit."

Quoth Tom: "I don't know what you mean.

"Then listen ; this is it:

'Dear love, adieu.

Anon, good nurse. Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.'

Now, Tom, say 'Blesséd, blesséd night!'"

Said Tom, with hesitation,

"B-blesséd night." "Pshaw ! that's not right;

You've no appreciation."

At Tom's next call he heard up-stairs  
A laugh most loud and coarse;  
Then Mary, knocking down the chairs,  
Came prancing like a horse.

“‘Ha! ha! ha! Well, Governor, how are ye? I've been down five times, climbing up your stairs in my long clothes.’

That's comedy,” she said. “You're mad,”

Said Tom. “‘Mad! Ha! Ophelia!

‘They bore him barefaced on his bier,  
And on his grave rained many a tear,’”

She chanted, very wild and sad;

Then whisked off on Emilia:

“‘You told a lie — an odious, fearful lie.  
Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie.’”

She glared and howled two murder scenes,  
And mouthed a new French *role*,  
Where luckily the graceful miens  
Hid the disgraceful soul.

She wept, she danced, she sang, she swore —  
From Shakspeare — classic swearing;  
A wild, abstracted look she wore,  
And round the room went tearing.

And every word and every pause

Made Mary “quote a speech.”

If Tom was sad (and he had cause),

She'd say, in sobbing screech,

“‘Clifford, why don't you speak to me?’”

At flowers for a present

She leered and sang coquettishly,

“‘When daisies pied and violets blue.’”

Tom blurted, “That's not pleasant.”

But Mary took offense at this.

“You have no soul,” said she,  
“For art, and do not know the bliss  
Of notoriety.

The ‘sacred fire’ they talk about  
Lights all the way before me;  
It’s quite my duty to ‘come out,’  
And all my friends implore me.

“Three months of ‘Thunder I have found  
A thorough course,” she said;  
“I’ll clear Parnassus with a bound.”  
(Tom softly shook his head.)  
“I cannot fail to be the rage.”  
(Tom looked a thousand pities.)  
“And so I’m going on the stage  
To star in Western cities.”

And Mary went; but Mary came  
To grief within a week;  
And in a month she came to Tom,  
Quite gentle, sweet, and meek.  
Tom was rejoiced: his heart was none  
The hardest or the sternest.  
“Oh, Tom,” she sobbed, “It looked like fun,  
But art is dreadful earnest.

“Why, art means work, and slave, and bear  
All sorts of scandal, too;  
To dread the critics so you dare  
Not look a paper through;  
Oh, ‘art is long’ and hard.” “And you  
Are short and — soft, my darling.”  
“My money, Tom, is gone — it *flew*.”  
“That’s natural with a starling.”

"I love you more than words can say,  
Dear Tom. He gave a start.

"Mary, is that from any play?"

"No, Tom; it's from my heart."

He took the tired, sunny head,  
With all its spent ambitions,  
So gently to his breast she said  
No word but sweet permissions.

"Can you forgive me Tom, for —" "Life,"  
He finished out the phrase.

"My love, you're patterned for a wife.

The crowded public ways  
Are hard for even the strongest heart;  
Yours beats too softly human.

However woman choose her art,  
Yet art must choose its woman."

*Fanny Foster,*

---

### THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

Some reckon their ages by years,

Some measure their life by art—

But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,  
And their life by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show

The length, not the depth of years,

Few or many they come, few or many they go—  
But our time is best measured by fears.

Ah! not by the silver gray

That creeps through the sunny hair,

And not by the scenes that we pass on our way—  
And not by the furrows the finger of care

On the forehead and face have made—  
Not so do we count our years;  
Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade  
Of our souls--and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oftentimes old,  
Though their brow be bright and fair;  
While their blood beats warm their heart lies cold--  
O'er them the spring-time, but winter is there.

And the old are oftentimes young  
When their hair is thin and white,  
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,  
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell  
The rosary of my years;  
From a cross to a cross they lead--'tis well!  
And they're blessed with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife  
Than a century of sleep;  
Give me instead of a long stream of life,  
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam  
On the billows of all the years;  
But never the foam brings the brave bark home:  
It reaches the haven through tears.

*Father Ryan.*

---

### THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

Mrs. Caruthers, of Arch street, wishing to do some shopping, left in our experienced charge her little tidtoller, of five summers. We wished to interest the

young prodigy, so we thought we would look him up in the history of his country.

"Now, listen, Clarence"—his name was Clarence Fitzherbert, Marchemont Alencon de Caruthers—"and we will tell you all about George Washington"—

"Who's he?"

"Why, the 'Father of His Country'."

"Whose country?"

"Our country—the confederated union of the American republic—cemented by the life-blood of the heroes of '76."

"Well, one day, George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence,

"George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted, with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple-tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree?'"

"What apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"Oh!"



"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did—'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said. 'Father, I cannot tell a lie I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

*Burlington Hawkeye.*

---

## HOW TOM SAWYER GOT HIS FENCE WHITE-WASHED.

Tom Sawyer, having offended his sole guardian, Aunt Polly, is by that sternly affectionate dame punished by being set to whitewash the fence in front of the garden.

The world seemed like a hollow mockery to Tom, who had planned fun for all that day, for he knew he would

be the laughing stock of all the boys as they came by and saw him set to work like a nigger. But a new inspiration flashed over him, and he went tranquilly to work. What that inspiration was will appear from what follows: One of the boys, Ben Rogers, passes along, eating a particularly fine apple. Ben stared a moment and then said:

"Hi-yi! *you're* a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said: "Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben; I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd druther *work*, wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it.

Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth — stepped back to note the effect — added a touch here and there — criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

Tom considered — was about to consent — but he altered his mind. "No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence — right here on the street, you know — but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way its got to be done."

"No — is that so? Oh, come now, lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injin; but Aunt Polly — well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle th's fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say — I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here; No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had,

beside the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog collar — but no dog — the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash.

Tom had had a nice, good, idle time all the while — plenty of company and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

He said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it — namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.

*Mark Twain.*

---

### KEENAN'S CHARGE.

The sun had set ;

The leaves with dew were wet ;

Down fell a bloody dusk

On the woods, that second of May,

When Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,

Tore through with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"

Rose from our ranks a voice,

With rush of steel and smoke,

Down came the rebels straight,

Eager as love and wild as hate;

And our line reeled and broke ;

Broke and fled,  
No one staid — but the dead !  
With curses, shrieks and cries,  
Horses, wagons and men  
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,  
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope still,  
Those batteries parked on the hill.  
“ Battery wheel ( 'mid the roar )  
Pass pieces ; fix prolong to fire  
Retiring. Trot ” — and no more.  
The horses plunged, the cannon lurched and lunged  
To join the hopeless route,  
But suddenly rode a form  
Calmly in front of the human storm  
With a stern, commanding shout,  
“ Align those guns ! ”  
( We knew it was Pleasanton's )  
The cannoneers bent to obey,  
And worked with a will at his word ;  
And the black guns moved as if they had heard ;  
But ah, the dread delay !

“ To wait is crime ;  
Oh, God ! for ten minutes' time ! ”  
The General looked around,  
There Keenan sat like stone,  
With his three hundred horse alone,  
Less shaken than the ground.  
“ Major, your men ? ”  
“ Are soldiers, General. ” “ Then  
Charge, Major, do your best,  
Hold the enemy back at all cost,  
Till my guns are placed ; else the army is lost  
You die to save the rest. ”

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,  
Brave Keenan looked into Pleasanton's eyes  
For an instant — clear and cool and still,  
Then, with a smile, he said: "I will!  
Cavalry charge!" Not a man of them shrank,  
Their sharp, full cheer from rank to rank,  
Rose joyously with a willing breath,  
Rose like a greeting hail to death,  
Then forward they sprang and spurred and clashed;  
Shouted the officers, crimsoned sashed;  
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,  
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;  
And high in the air, with an instinct true,  
Like a bird of war, their pennon flew,  
With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,  
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,  
And strong brown faces, bravely pale,  
For fear their proud attempt should fail,  
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close,  
On twice ten thousand gallant foes,  
Line after line, the troopers came  
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;  
Rode in, and shot and sabred and fell;  
Nor came one back his wounds to tell,  
While full in the midst rose Keenan tall  
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,  
And the circle stroke of his sabre, swung  
Around his head, like a halo there, luminous hung  
Line after line, aye whole platoons  
Struck dead in their saddles of brave dragoons  
By the maddened horses were onward borne,  
And into the vortex flung trampled and torn  
As Keenan fought with his men side by side.  
And so they rode till there were no more to ride;  
But over them now, lying shattered and mute,  
What deep echo rolls;— 'tis the death salute

From the cannon in place;— for heroes you braved  
Your fate not in vain; the army was saved.

Over them now — year following year,—  
Over their graves, the pine cones fall;—  
And the whip-poor-will chants his spectre call;  
But they stir not again,— they raise no cheer; .  
They have ceased. But their glory will never cease,  
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.  
The rush of their charge is resounding still,  
That saved the army at Chancellorville.

*Lathrop.*

---

### THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

South Mountain towered upon our right, far off the river  
lay,  
And over on the wooded height we held their lines at  
bay.  
At last the muttering guns were still; the day died slow  
and wan;  
At last the gunners' pipes did fill, the sergeant's yarns  
began.  
When, as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant  
flood  
Our brierwoods raised, within our view a little maiden  
stood.  
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed.  
(Of such a little one in heaven one soldier often  
dreamed.)  
And as we stared, her little hand went to her curly  
head  
In grave salute. "And who are *you*?" at length the ser-  
geant said.



"And where's your home?" he growled again. She lisped out, "Who is me?"

Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the Pride of Battery B.

My home? Why, that was burned away, and pa and ma are dead;

And so I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant Ned.

And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers too;

And I march beside the drummer boy on Sundays at review.

But now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their smoke,

And so they're cross — why, even Ned won't play with me and joke.

And the big colonel said to-day — I hate to hear him swear —

He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the Yank had over there.

And so I thought when beat the drum, and the big guns were still,

I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill

And beg, good Mister Yankee men, you'd give me some 'Lone Jack.'

Please do: when we get some again I'll surely bring it back.

Indeed I will, for Ned — says he, — if I do what I say, I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a prancing bay."

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er; you should have heard her laugh

As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of grimy  
men,  
Until the sergeant's husky voice said, "'Tention squad!"  
and then  
We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty waif we  
bid,  
And watched her toddle out of sight—or else 'twas tears  
that hid  
Her tiny form—nor turned about a man, nor spoke a  
word,  
Till after a while a far, hoarse shout upon the wind we  
heard!  
We sent it back, then cast sad eyes upon the scene  
around;  
A baby's hand had touched the ties that brothers once  
had bound.  
That's all—save when the dawn awoke again the work  
of hell,  
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the screaming  
missiles fell,  
Our general often rubbed his glass, and marveled much  
to see  
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp of  
Battery B.

*F. H. Gassaway.*

---

### A RUM RUINED HOME.

A minister of the gospel once told me one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his only boy stood upon the door-steps, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" Papa has come home!" He seized the child

rudely by the shoulder, swung him around and fell in the hall. "Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I passed the night in that house. I went out and bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hall. There was his child—dead; his wife in strong convulsions and he asleep." A man thirty years of age asleep with a dead child in his house with a blue mark upon its temple, where its little head had struck the marble step, and his wife upon the brink of the grave. "When he awoke," said the gentleman, "he passed his hands quickly over his face and said, 'Where am I—where is my boy?' "You cannot see him." "Stand out of my way; I *will* see him!" To prevent confusion, I went to the bedside, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he cried, 'Oh, God! my boy, my boy!' Two years after that, the father was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie beside his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the gospel who related these facts to me is to-day himself a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston. Now tell me what drink will do. There is nothing that drink will not do that is not cowardly, debasing and hellish. It will damn, degrade and embrate everything that is bright, glorious and God-like in a human being.

*J. B. Gough.*

---

### A VISIT TO A DRUNKARD.

A gentleman once requested me to visit the hardest case in a certain town. Said the gentleman to me: "Mr. Gough, he is a sad brute. When drunk he is a perfect demon. He beats his daughter, a girl fourteen years of age, with a strap that the shoemakers fasten the

lasts on their knees with. Yet when sober he is kind and gentle, loves his children and is tender to his wife. He has not been drinking for some days past, and I think if you could get at him you might do him some good." I said, "I will go." I went to the house and knocked at the door. He opened it and knew me, for he had been at one of my lectures. "Mr. Gough, I believe." "Yes, that is my name." "Will you please give me a drink of water?" "Certainly, come in." I went in and sat down. There were two children playing upon the floor. I noticed also a door opening to a room where, I found afterwards, his wife lay sick. He brought the water. I talked about the weather, the freshets, the contemplated railroad, striving to introduce the subject of temperance, but the man seemed determined that I should not, and when I approached the subject, would head me off. Feeling somewhat perplexed, I was about leaving, when, noticing the children playing upon the floor, said, "You have two bright children there, are they yours?" "Yes, they are mine, and they are bright enough." "Do you love your children?" "Certainly, I love my children." "Well" — and I moved towards the door ready to go out if he should feel offended — "do you not think if you gave up drink the children would be better off?" "Yes, Mr. Gough, if I gave up the drink the children would be better off?" "Have you a good wife?" "Yes, sir, as good a wife as a man ever had." "Do you love your wife?" "Certainly, I love my wife. It's natural for a man to love his wife." "Well, would you not do anything you could to please her?" "Yes, I'm bound to please her if I can." "Then if you signed the pledge would not that please her?" Springing to his feet he exclaimed, "By thunder! if I signed the pledge the old woman would be up and about her business in less than a week, sick as she is now." "Then you'll

sign?" "I will." He went to his desk and took out some ink and an old pen. He sat down and — if he did not flourish with his pen he did with his tongue — wrote his name. As he laid down his pen he said, "There!" The children had stopped in their play when we began to speak of temperance. They knew what a drunken father was and what the pledge would do for them. When he had signed, their eyes grew large like saucers, and one of them said to the other, "Father has signed the pledge," and the other one said, "Oh, now I'll go and tell mother." But the mother had been listening and heard it all, and I could hear her softly say, "Luke, Luke, come in here, Luke!" "Come in with me," said he, "and see my wife; she would like to see you." We went in. The wife lay on the bed and looked very pale — her eyes were so large — with one bony hand she grasped mine, and with the other that of her husband and said: "Luke is a kind husband, a good provider — it's only the drink that makes the difficulty." The man shook like a leaf. He took his hand from the grasp of his wife, tore down her night dress, and pointing to an ugly bruise on her shoulder, said: "She says I'm good! Look there, Mr. Gough, she says I'm good! I did that three days before she was taken down sick and she says I'm good. God Almighty forgive me for that!" and placing his head on the bed clothes he wept like a child. She put her hand on his head and said: "Don't cry, Luke, dear, don't cry. Don't believe him, Mr. Gough, it wasn't Luke that struck me, it was the drink. Don't cry, Luke; you have signed the pledge and we are all right now." When I left that room, if my eyes had been dry I should have been ashamed of myself. Two years after that I saw them and he had kept his pledge. This is one case among thousands, for which I thank my God with all my heart to-night.

*J. B. Gough.*

## THE LITTLE HERO.

Now, lads, a short yarn I'll just spin you,  
As happened on our very last run,—  
'Bout a boy as a man's soul had in him,  
Or else I'm a son of a gun.

From Liverpool port out three days, lads;  
The good ship floating over the deep;  
The skies bright with sunshine above us;  
The waters beneath us asleep.

Not a bad-tempered lubber among us;  
A jollier crew never sailed,  
'Cept the first mate, a bit of a savage,  
But good seaman as ever was hailed.

Regulation, good order, his motto;  
Strong as iron, an' steady as quick;  
With a couple of bushy black eyebrows,  
And eyes fierce as those of Old Nick.

One day he comes up from below,  
A-graspin' a lad by the arm,—  
A poor little ragged young urchin  
As had ought to bin home to his marm.

An' the mate asks the boy, pretty roughly,  
How he dared for to be stowed away,  
A-cheatin' the owners and captain,  
Sailin', eatin', and all without pay.

The lad had a face bright and sunny,  
An' a pair of blue eyes like a girl's,  
An' looks up at the scowlin' first mate, lads,  
An' shakes back his long, shining curls;

An' says he in a voice dear and pretty,  
"My step-father brought me aboard,  
And hid me away down the stairs there;  
For to keep me he couldn't afford.

"And he told me the big ship would take me  
To Halifax town,—oh, so far!

And he said, 'Now the Lord is your father,  
Who lives where the good angels are.' "

"It's a lie," says the mate: "not your father,  
But some of these big skulkers near,  
Some milk-hearted, soft-headed sailor.  
Speak up, tell the truth, d'ye hear?"

"'Twarn't us," growled the tars as stood round 'em.

"What's you age?" says one of the brine.

"And your name?" says another old salt fish.

Says the small chap, "I'm Frank, just turned nine."

"Oh, my eyes!" says another bronzed seaman  
To the mate, who seemed staggered hisself,

"Let him go free to old Novy Scoshy,  
And I'll work out his passage myself."

"Belay!" says the mate: "shut your mouth, man!

I'll sail this ere craft, bet your life,

An' I'll fit the lie onto you, somehow,

As square as a fork fits a knife."

Then a-knit his black brows with anger,

He thumbed the poor slip below;

An', says he, "P'r'aps to-morrow'll change you —

If it don't, back to England you go."

I took him some dinner, be sure, mates,—

Just think, only nine years of age!

An' next day, just as six bells tolled,

The mate brings him up from his cage.

An' he plants him before us amidships,

His eyes like two coals all a-light;

An' he says, through his teeth, mad with passion,

An' his hand lifted ready to smite,

"Tell the truth, lad, and then I'll forgive you;  
But the truth I will have. Speak it out.  
It wasn't your father as brought you,  
But some of these men here about."

Then that pair o' blue eyes, bright and winning,  
Clear and shining with innocent youth,  
Looks up at the mate's bushy eyebrows;  
An', says he, "Sir, I've told you the truth."

'Twarn't no use; the mate didn't believe him,  
Though every man else did, aboard.  
With rough hand by the collar he seized him,  
And cried, "You shall hang, by the Lord!"

An' he snatched his watch out of his pocket,  
Just as if he'd been drawin' a knife.  
"If in ten minutes more you don't speak, lad,  
There's the rope, an' good-bye to your life."

There! you never see such a sight, mates,  
As that boy with his bright, pretty face,—  
Proud though, and steady with courage,  
Never thinking of asking for grace.

Eight minutes went by all in silence.  
Says the mate then, "Speak, lad: say your say."  
His eyes slowly filling with tear-drops,  
He faltering says, "May I pray?"

I'm a rough and hard old tarpa'lin  
As any "blue-jacket" afloat;  
But the salt water sprung to my eyes, lads,  
And I felt my heart rise in my throat.

The mate kind o' trembled and shivered,  
And nodded his head in reply;  
And his cheek went all white of a sudden,  
And the hot light was quenched in his eye,



Though he stood like a figure of marble,  
With his watch tightly grasped in his hand,  
An' the passengers all still around him:  
Ne'er the like was on sea or on land.

An' the little chap kneels on the deck there,  
An' his hands he clasped over his breast,  
As he must ha' done often at home, lads,  
At night-time, when going to rest.

And soft come the first words, "Our Father,"  
Low and soft from the dear baby lip;  
But, low as they were, heard like trumpet  
By each true man aboard of that ship.

Every bit of that prayer, mates, he goes through,  
To, "Forever and ever. Amen."  
And for all the bright gold of the Indies,  
I wouldn't ha' heard it again.

And, says he, when he finished, uprising  
An' lifting his blue eyes above,  
"Dear Lord Jesus, oh, take me to heaven,  
Back again to my own mother's love!"

For a minute or two, like a magic,  
We stood every man like the dead;  
Then back to the mate's face comes running  
The life-blood again, warm and red.

Off his feet was that lad sudden lifted,  
And clasped to the mate's rugged breast;  
And his husky voice muttered "God bless you!"  
As his lips to his forehead he pressed.

If the ship hadn't been a good sailer,  
And gone by herself right along,  
All had gone to Old Davy; for all, lads,  
Was gathered 'round in that throng.

Like a man, says the mate, "God forgive me,  
That ever I used you so hard.

It's myself as had ought to be strung up,  
Taut and sure, to that ugly old yard."

"You believe me then?" said the youngster.

"Believe you!" He kissed him once more.

"You have laid down your life for the truth, lad.  
Believe you! From now, evermore!"

An' p'r'aps, mates, he wasn't thought much on  
All that day an' the rest of the trip;  
P'r'aps he paid after all for his passage;  
P'r'aps he wasn't the pet of the ship.

An' if that little chap ain't a model,  
For all, young or old, short or tall,  
An' if that ain't the stuff to make men of,  
Old Ben, he knows naught after all.

---

### THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

Well, no! my wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the  
same;

She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.

It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree,

When you hear the circumstances, 'twas rather rough  
on me.

She was a soldier's widow : he was killed at Malvern Hill;  
And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him  
still;

But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to  
see

A better wife than Mary was for five bright years to me.

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a  
rosy glow  
Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their  
snow.

I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of  
her, sir;

And, as for me, I can't begin to tell how I loved her !

Three years ago the baby came our humble home to bless,  
And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness;  
'Twas hers—'twas mine—; but I've no language to ex-  
plain to you

How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together  
drew !

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasp-  
ing breath,

Dumb with an awful, worldless woe, we waited for its  
death; .

And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together  
there,

For Heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless  
prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy what  
words could tell?

Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears together  
fell.

Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest,  
But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome  
guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing;  
Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and  
singing;

Love nerved my arm to labor and moved my tongue to  
song,

And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was tremendous  
strong!

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a  
shoe,  
And while I was at work we passed a compliment or two;  
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot  
away  
At Malvern Hill. "At Mavern Hill! Did you know  
Robert May?"

"That's me," said he. "You, you!" I gasped, choking  
with horrid doubt;  
"If you're the man, just follow me; we'll try this mys-  
tery out!"  
With dizzy steps I led him to Mary. God! 'twas true!  
Then the bitterest pangs of misery, unspeakable, I  
knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of  
stone,  
And from her quivering lips there broke one wild, des-  
pairing moan.  
'Twas he! the husband of her youth, now risen from the  
dead,  
But all too late — and with bitter cry, her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his  
return  
He strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife to  
learn.  
'Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd 've killed  
him, too,  
So dead he never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet  
blew!

It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide,  
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.  
No sinner, at the judgment-seat, waiting eternal doom,  
Could suffer what I did, while waiting sentence in that  
room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as  
tense as steel,

While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in piteous  
appeal.

God! could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled  
Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice, when she knelt  
down and said:

"Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive!  
not dead!

I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right,  
But somehow, in my aching breast, the prisoned words  
stuck tight!

"But, John, I can't leave baby"—"What! wife and  
child!" cried I;

"Must I yield all! Ah, cruel fate! Better that I should die.  
Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting in gloom  
for me —

No wife to cheer me with her love — no babe to climb  
my knee!

"And yet — you are her mother, and the sacred mother  
love

Is still the purest, tenderest tie that Heaven ever wove.  
Take her, but promise, Mary—for that will bring no  
shame —

My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp her father's  
name!"

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife;  
But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life;  
One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love  
was done!

One long embrace from baby, and my happiness was  
gone!

*Frank Olive.*

## ORATOR PUFF.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,  
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so*;  
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice;  
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.

Oh! oh! Orator Puff,  
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,  
So distracting all ears with his *ups* and his *downs*,  
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,  
"My voice is for war;" and asked him, "Which of  
them, pray?"

Oh! oh! Orator Puff,  
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

Reeling homeward one evening, top-heavy with gin,  
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,  
He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,—  
"Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came  
down.

Oh! oh! Orator Puff,  
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

"Oh, save!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she-tones,  
"Help me out! help me out! I have broken my  
bones!"

"Help you out?" said a Paddy who passed, "what a  
bother!"

Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one  
another?"

Oh! oh! Orator Puff,  
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

*Thomas Moore.*



✓  
LEE CHAUVIN'S

**SELF-INSTRUCTOR**

IN

Reading and Speaking

---

"You will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure to speak well, if you think right."

*Lord Chesterfield.*

---

SAN FRANCISCO:

CUBERY & COMPANY, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,  
415 Market Street, below First.

1884.















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 022 015 745 3